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The Mercury.

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NEWPORT, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1788, and is now in its one hundred and fiftieth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the United States, and with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, State, local and general news, well selected miscellany and valuable farmers' and household departments. Reading so many households in this and other States, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

TERMS: \$2.00 a year in advance. Single copies in newspapers, 5 cents. Extra copies can always be obtained at the office of publication and at the various news rooms in the city. Specimen copies sent free, and special terms given advertisers by addressing the publisher.

Societies Occupying Mercury Hall
ROGER WILLIAMS LODGE, No. 265, Order Sons of St. George—Percey Jeffery, President; Fred Hall, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Mondays.

NEWPORT TEXT, No. 18, Knights of Macabees—George A. Peckham, Commander; Charles S. Crandall, Record Keeper. Meets 2nd and 4th Mondays.

COURT WAXTON, No. 570, FORESTERS OF AMERICA—William Ackerman, Chief Ranger; John B. Mason, Jr., Recording Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

THE NEWPORT HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY—Bruce Butterton, President; David McIntosh, Secretary. Meets 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians (Division 1)—Miss H. M. O'Connell, President; Miss B. M. Danahy, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Wednesdays.

GERAN LODGE, No. 7, O. U. W. of P.—Harry L. Budge, Master; William P. R. Dingley, Recorder. Meets 2nd and 4th Wednesdays.

NATHAN LODGE, No. 29, N. E. O. P.—Dudley E. Campbell, Warden; Mrs. Dingley E. Campbell, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Thursdays.

LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians (Division 1)—Miss H. M. O'Connell, President; Miss B. M. Danahy, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Thursdays.

REDWOOD LODGE, No. 11, K. of P.—David Davis, Chancellor; Commander; Robert S. Franklin, Recorder of Records and Seal; Meets 1st and 3rd Fridays.

DAVIS DIVISION, No. 8, U. R. K. of P.—Sir Knight Captain William H. Langley, Master; J. Gorton, Recorder. Meets 1st Fridays.

CLAY McLEOD, No. 164—Robert B. Munroe, Chief; Alexander Gillies, Secretary. Meets 2nd and 4th Fridays.

Board of Aldermen.

The regular weekly meeting of the board of aldermen was held on Thursday evening, when routine business was transacted and in addition bids were opened for granite blocks and for furnishing money to the city.

The department payrolls for the week were approved, as were also several bills to be charged to the appropriation for Thames street pavement. A number of applications for licenses of various kinds were received, and most of them were referred to the chief of police. A communication was received from the school committee in regard to the plans for the new school house, asking if all the architects who had entered to the competition were eligible. The board decided that they were.

Bids were opened for furnishing 100,000 granite paving blocks for the Thames street pavement, the bidders being Charles P. Austin, \$1.39 per square yard laid, or \$68 per thousand delivered on the dock; H. E. Fletcher & Co., \$1.37 per yard, or \$68 per thousand delivered alongside the dock; Rockport Granite Company, \$1.38 per yard, or \$68.50 per thousand delivered on the dock. The bids were held for further consideration.

There were seven bids for furnishing the city with \$50,000, the lowest bidder being George Mixer of Boston at 3 1/2 per cent. discount plus one dollar. He will be given the contract for furnishing the money.

Alderman Cottrell reported that the special committee has agreed with the Downing heirs on a price of \$2800 for the strip of land needed from their property to straighten the line of the Edward-Farwell school, and with the Mumford heirs for \$1000 for the piece needed from their land.

A supper and sale for the benefit of St. Margaret's Guild of St. George's Church was held at the home of the Misses Stoddard on Poplar street Wednesday afternoon. Supper was served from 5 until 7 o'clock, three long tables being in use. There were also on sale fancy articles, home made candy, ice cream and cake. About \$100 will be realized after all expenses are paid.

It appears that there will be many families in Newport this year who have not been here for a number of seasons. Some of the fine houses that had been placed in the hands of agents for rent have been withdrawn for the reason that the owners intend to occupy them themselves. It may prove to be a very good season for Newport in spite of the hard times.

It is understood that an agreement has been reached for the division of the real estate left by the late Madame Robinson between the heirs. Mrs. Ridlon, the daughter, will take the Sea View property on the Cliffs and the Admiral Case estate on Catherine street, and Mr. Hugh Robinson will have the two fashionable boarding houses, The Robinson and The Margaret.

Many Newporters were in attendance at the hearing in Providence before the judicial committee of the Senate on the proposed new automobile law. Many of the features of the bill were sharply criticized by owners of cars, and proposed amendments were submitted for the consideration of the committee. The bill has already passed the House and is now in the custody of the Senate.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Stiermer, who are occupying a cottage on Gibbs avenue, have been entertaining Mr. and Mrs. Humphrey Ward of London. They gave a dinner in their honor last Sunday evening.

Judge James G. Topham, Mr. and Mrs. Theophilus Topham and Miss Ethel Albino have returned from a week's vacation, which they spent at Seakonk, Mass., guests of Mrs. Joseph Fogarty.

The new parish house of the United Congregational Church has been opened for use, and dedicatory services will be held later.

Mr. John Taylor, who was called to Newport by the death of his mother, Mrs. Thomas R. Hunter, has returned to Pomfret, Conn.

Mr. and Mrs. Sydney D. Harvey (nee Barlow) have returned from their wedding trip.

Mr. James Thompson of the Post-office has returned from a two weeks' vacation.

Mrs. Reginald Rives has been spending a few days at the LaForge cottage.

Miss Georgiana Gordon King sailed for Europe the past week.

Scup have come, but only in small quantities as yet.

Mr. Henry F. Rooney was able to be out the past week.

Miss Beale Tisdall has returned from Florida.

Thames Street Pavement.

There has been a delay in the work of laying the Thames street pavement owing to the fact that several schooners loaded with paving blocks failed to arrive at the time they were expected and the supply of blocks on hand ran out. In consequence during the early part of the week the paving gang could do nothing. A small gang was kept at work tipping up the pavement for a time but the street commissioner did not want to get too much of the street torn up at one time, until he was sure when the blocks would arrive. A schooner reached here with a load Thursday morning and they were carried to position very quickly and the work was resumed.

When the work was laid off Saturday night the pavement had been laid almost to Mary street from Washington square. It had been the hope to have that section entirely completed at that time so that there would be no further closing of the street north of Mary street, but the supply of blocks gave out when the work had reached a point a few feet from the corner.

The section that has been completed has been thrown open for traffic and has been used considerably. The pavement is soft and firm, but it is very noisy as was expected.

Wedding Bells.

Pike-Oxx.

Miss Elizabeth Oxx of Jamestown and Mr. Joseph B. Pike of this city were quietly married at the First Baptist John Clarke Memorial Church Thursday afternoon, Rev. Edward A. Johnson, D. D., officiating. Immediately after the ceremony the couple left on the 3 o'clock train for Boston on their honeymoon.

The bride wore a tailor made traveling suit of black with a picture hat to match. On their return they will reside on Third street.

Those who went out early in the morning on Easter Sunday had an opportunity to display their spring finery but those who had decided to wait for the usual Sunday afternoon walk down the avenue or elsewhere were disappointed, for the weather changed by noon and during the afternoon it was showery. There were but few persons out on the customary walks and those who did take a stroll took care to leave their spring clothing at home and wear their older clothes. The weather was quite warm and had it been clear the day would have passed for a fine sample of spring. There was a large attendance at the church services in the morning.

Dr. William C. Stoddard has purchased at auction the Thomas Chapman estate on Division street, for \$2,600. This was a property that was acquired by the city some 45 years ago, the owner dying without leaving any known heirs. By a decree of the Superior Court, the property was offered for sale at public auction, the proceeds to go to the Newport school fund. There were several bidders present, and the property was knocked down to Dr. Stoddard. The auctioneer was Mr. George H. Taylor.

The weather of the past week has been far from reasonable and it now seems as if conditions would be about the same as last year, that summer will break in on us with a rush, unexpectedly. Of late years we have had very little pleasant spring weather in this vicinity, winter lingering until well into June. The cool breezes of the early part of this week have seemed much more like the early part of March than like the last of April, and they have brought very general discomfort.

The annual reunion and dinner of the Newport Artillery Company will be held at the Armory on Clarke street on Monday evening next. Colonel Charles J. F. Robinson will preside at the dinner, and the toasts will be responded to by Deputy Speaker Robert S. Burlingame, Hon. Robert S. Franklin, Mayor William P. Clarke, Captain Willis C. Metcalf, Colonel M. A. Crescman of Bristol, and Colonel John D. Richardson.

Plans are being matured by the Newport Naval Reserve for a vacation trip to New York to spend Memorial Day. The company expects to start Friday night and return Monday morning. The occasion will probably not be a military function, the men going without uniforms or arms.

Mrs. John H. Sweet, Jr., and her daughter, Miss Winona Sweet, have returned from Providence, where they have been visiting friends.

Ex-Congressman Bull, who has been spending the winter in Florida, has returned to his home in this city.

Mrs. Boutelle Noyes, who has been visiting in New York, has returned to her home in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. William B. Sherman have been in New York the past week.

Memorial Day Committees.

The committee from Lawton Warren Post, G. A. R., on the observance of Memorial Day has organized by the election of officers and sub-committees as follows:

Chairman—William S. Bailey.
Secretary—William O. Milne.
Treasurer—John B. Mason.
Committee on orator and chaplain—William S. Bailey, Joseph P. Cotton, William O. Milne.
On hall—J. I. Greene, Edward T. Bosworth, David M. Coggeshall, George A. Pritchard.

On supplies and printing—Joseph P. Cotton, William S. Bailey, William O. Milne.
On flowers—John B. Mason, Andrew K. McMahon, David M. Coggeshall, Frank P. Gomez, John F. Delano, Arthur L. Trowbridge, George A. Pritchard, Daniel Moriarty, William P. Smith, David P. Peabody, Robert Cradle, Charles H. Clarke.

On music—John B. Mason, David M. Coggeshall, J. I. Greene, Robert Cradle, George A. Pritchard, William S. Stocum, Charles H. Clarke.
On flagging graves—Edward T. Bosworth, Edwin H. Thiley, Andrew K. McMahon, Robert Cradle, David M. Coggeshall, Daniel Moriarty, William P. Smith, Rowland O. Hammond, James Sheehan.

On invitations—Joseph P. Cotton, William S. Bailey, William O. Milne, James H. Hampton, William H. Durlee.

Auditing committee—Andrew K. McMahon, A. F. Squire, George A. Pritchard.

The funeral of Mr. John J. Jordan, who died last Saturday after a long illness, took place Monday morning from St. Mary's Church and was largely attended. Rev. M. F. Reddy officiated and Miss Donovan, Mrs. Burkinshaw and Mr. Connolly sang. The bearers were Messrs. John P. Kane, Daniel Shea, M. J. Sullivan, M. J. Duran, Charles Gifford, Robert Hamilton, Joseph Menzies and Dennis Casey. The interment was at St. Columba's cemetery and there were many beautiful floral offerings. He was a member of the Knights of Columbus, which organization attended in a body.

The funeral of Mrs. Thomas R. Hunter took place at her residence on Rhode Island avenue at noon on Monday, when the house was filled with relatives and friends. Rev. Stanley Hughes, rector of Trinity Church, officiated. The choir of Trinity Church sang, "Nearer My God to Thee" and "The Strife is Over, the Victory Won, Hallelujah." The interment was in the Island Cemetery. There were no bearers. The floral tributes were most beautiful and numbered nearly 100. Many of these were sent to the hospital and to the sick.

Rev. and Mrs. Samuel I. Carr celebrated the forty-ninth anniversary of their marriage on Sunday, when their many relatives and friends called during the day to offer their congratulations. They were the recipients of many pretty gifts. Mr. Carr, who has been confined to his home by illness since last fall, is slowly improving.

Mrs. Charles Warren Lipplit of Providence and Newport has been re-elected State Regent of the Daughters of the American Revolution in the State of Rhode Island by the delegates to the National Congress of the Daughters that is now in session in Washington.

The Sea View Dancing Pavilion will hold their opening social for the season on Monday next, with the Harry K. Howard orchestra. There should be a large attendance as this resort has been a very popular place in the past.

Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt was in Newport the past week inspecting "The Breakers," her summer residence on Ochre Point. She is en route for Europe for an indefinite stay.

Mr. Thomas Melville, formerly of this city, died in Boston on Saturday last, in his forty-seventh year. The body was brought to Newport on Tuesday for interment.

Mrs. Thomas Livingston will shortly leave Newport and join her husband in New York, Mr. Livingston having secured a position in that city.

Miss Lottie Tripp is convalescing from her recent severe illness, which has confined her to her home on Bull street for about a month.

Mr. and Mrs. T. M. Seabury, Jr., are visiting in New York and Fairwood, N. J.

Real Estate Sales and Rentals.

Wm. E. Brightman has rented for the owners of the new Realty Building the upper flat No. 10 on the westerly side of Commercial street to Herman Prinz, of New York.

Van Rensselaer Grand Lodge of Perfection, A. P. and A. M.

T. P. M.—Robert S. Franklin, Deputy Master—William H. Langley, Senior Warden—Clark Burdick, Junior Warden—John Mahan, Treasurer—Arthur Grimm, Secretary—William J. Easton, Master of ceremonies—Albert A. Stearn, Hospitalier—John P. Sanborn, Guard—William Champlin, Trial—Gottlieb Springer, The officers were installed by T. P. M. Robert S. Franklin.

Recent Deaths.

Rev. Henry Morgan Stone.

Rev. Henry Morgan Stone, for five years rector of Trinity Church, died at his parents' residence on Everett street last Friday evening after a long illness. He had been compelled to relinquish his duties as rector in 1903 on account of failing health, his resignation being accepted only after a long leave of absence had failed to bring sufficient recuperation to warrant him in resuming his labors there. Since then he has preached occasionally at long intervals but his health had never been regained. He made his home with his parents in this city and it was hoped that he would ultimately recover, but a few days before his death a new complication set in which terminated fatally.

Rev. Mr. Stone was probably as well known as any man in Newport, and his untimely death was deeply mourned by a multitude of friends. During the time that he was the rector of Trinity he had impressed the people with a strong sense of ability and high moral purpose. He was an able preacher, a brilliant conversationalist, a sincere friend. To many the announcement of his death came as a keen personal blow, like the loss of a member of one's own family.

Mr. Stone was a Rhode Island boy, having been born in Providence on September 13, 1860. He graduated from Brown University, taking the course in civil engineering, and afterward received the degree of A. M. from the same institution. He had no thought of entering the ministry, even when he enrolled himself at the Cambridge Theological School, but afterward decided that he must respond to the call. It was while he was at the Berkeley Memorial Chapel in Middletown that Newporters first became aware of the eloquence of his preaching and he was afterward unanimously called to Trinity, preaching his first sermon there on Sunday, April 8, 1890.

Mr. Stone is survived by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Stone, and one brother.

Funeral services were held at Trinity Church Tuesday morning and were attended by a congregation that completely filled the large church. There was a vast profusion of floral tributes, testifying to the high veneration in which the dead pastor was held. The ritual of the Protestant Episcopal Church was read by Rev. Gilbert W. Laidlaw, formerly rector of St. George's Church, assisted by Rev. Stanley C. Hughes, rector of Trinity Church. The honorary bearers were Thomas G. Brown, William J. Cozzens, Jere I. Greene, James A. Swan, William D. Sayer, Herbert Bliss, Robert C. Cottrell, and Dr. Clarence A. Carr. The music was by the double quartette of the church. The interment was in the Trinity Churchyard.

Charles J. Sonderman.

Mr. Charles J. Sonderman was found dead in bed at his home on East Bowery street last Saturday noon. He had been ill for about three years but of late it had been thought that his condition showed considerable improvement, so much that he was occasionally able to be out and even to attend to business as a contractor and architect.

Mr. Sonderman was well known in Newport where he had made his home for a number of years, coming here from Buffalo to work on a government contract. He afterward had a number of good contracts and became known as a careful, conscientious business man. Of late he had been unable to do any outside work but had interested himself in the proposed new schoolhouse and had submitted a set of plans in competition which had met with very favorable comment among the members of the school committee.

Mr. Sonderman was active in the Pythian and Masonic fraternities, being a member of St. John's Lodge, No. 1, A. F. & A. M.; Newport Chapter, No. 2, R. A. M.; DeBols Conell, No. 4, R. & S. M.; Washington Commandery, No. 4, K. T., and Palestine Temple, A. A. O. N. M. S.; of Redwood Lodge, No. 11, Knights of Pythias, and of the Odd Fellows, being affiliated with a lodge of that order in Buffalo.

The funeral took place from his late residence on East Bowery street Tuesday afternoon and was largely attended. Rev. George W. Quick, of the Second Baptist Church, officiated. St. John's Lodge and Washington Commandery, of which the deceased was a member, attended in a body and escorted the remains to the 3 o'clock train, en route for Buffalo, N. Y., where the interment took place. The body was accompanied to Buffalo by Charles A. Gillen and William H. Crandall, as representatives of the Order, and the Port Adams Band furnished the music, playing "Nearer My God to Thee" as the casket was being taken from the house. The bearers were Messrs. Henry Oxx and Thomas Wood of Washington Commandery, Robert Hale of St. John's Lodge and Oscar

Wiedeman and W. J. H. Schwarz of Redwood Lodge, Knights of Pythias, of which the deceased was also a member. The floral offerings were beautiful.

The Brennan Case.

Last week Governor Higgins sent to the Senate a pardon for the man serving a sentence at the State Prison under the name of James Maxwell, alias Milwaukee Red, but said to really be James Brennan, who was sentenced for participation in the famous Portsmouth car barn robbery. This pardon has attracted much attention throughout the State and especially in Newport. The Senate has not yet confirmed the pardon, a thorough investigation of the circumstances of the case being made.

The claim is that the man now serving sentence is not Maxwell but is Joseph Brennan and that he was not connected with the Portsmouth robbery but was arrested by mistake in company with the men who really did the work. A singular feature of the case is that both Brennan and the real Maxwell were taken to the police station here a few weeks before the robbery as suspicious persons and the Newport police had an opportunity to see them both.

This week Inspector Griffith and former Officer William P. Denman went to the State Prison to see the prisoner again. There they were convinced beyond doubt that the man is really Brennan and not Maxwell, but the investigation is not yet finished for the authorities are not yet convinced of his innocence of participation in the robbery. Inspector Griffith will make further investigation in other parts of the country.

For Saving and Building.

The Newport Co-operative Association for Saving and Building held its twenty-first annual meeting on Friday evening of last week, Captain Joseph P. Cotton presiding. After calling the meeting to order Captain Cotton took occasion to speak a few words in testimony to the work of the late Clarence A. Hammett who was for nearly twenty years secretary of the association. He also told of the work that the association has done in the years that it has been organized and read the financial report, which was as follows:

Assets.	
Loans on Real Estate	\$338,153 00
Loans on Shares	27,237 73
Permanent Expense	220 24
Furniture and Fixtures	75 00
Cash on hand	1,171 90
	\$367,586 92
Liabilities.	
Stock Account	\$362,791 18
Forfeited Account	513 18
Guaranty Fund	2,45 18
Undivided Profits	6,846 40
	\$372,596 12
Receipts.	
Cash Balance	\$1,225 20
Monthly Receipts	37,272 54
Loans repaid, Real Estate	38,025 00
Loans repaid on Shares	13,200 00
	\$119,725 44
Disbursements.	
Loans on Real Estate	\$65,000 00
Loans on Shares	27,237 73
Withdrawal of Stock	25,368 95
Refunded Stock	4,125 90
Forfeited Account	513 18
Interest	105 43
Furniture and Fixtures	75 00
Expense Account	1,227 53
Cash on hand	\$119,692 00
	\$119,725 44

The following officers were elected:
President—Joseph P. Cotton.
Vice President—Andrew K. McMahon.
Secretary—Hermanson Kinsman.
Treasurer—Thomas I. Peckham.
Directors—William C. Scott, W. C. Stoddard, William H. Sullivan, T. T. Plimann, George A. Pritchard, A. R. O'Malley, Howard G. Ward.
Auditors—J. C. Costello, W. H. Wadcott, J. P. Peckham.

Middletown.

By reason of the funeral on Tuesday of the late Rev. Henry Morgan Stone, who was greatly beloved in Middletown, and owing to the death of the late Arthur L. Peckham, the meeting of the Newport County Pythian Grand, No. 4, P. of H., was much smaller than usual. The program was excellent, however, and well repaid those who came. It included vocal solos by Mrs. William Livesey Brown and instrumental music by Miss Sadie E. Peckham. The roll call was responded to by items of interest relating to plants, flowers and trees. The speaker of the afternoon, Edward Howe Forbush, of Boston, presented an especially fine lecture on "What We Should Do for the Birds." Mr. Forbush represents the Massachusetts Board of Agriculture and is the New England agent of the National Audubon Society. He made an especial plea for more stringent laws for the protection of our birds, which are being largely killed for food by the foreign immigrants. This may mean a possible extinction of many of our most useful insect eating birds if the laws are not enforced. Mr. Forbush exhibited many fine plates and charts representing bird life. The town hall was attractively decorated with flowering plants.

A Victor Concert will be given at Holy Cross Guild House on Tuesday evening, at 8 o'clock, for the benefit of the Middletown Free Library.

Rev. Aquila Webb, Ph. D., gave a very interesting illustrated lecture on Canada at the First Presbyterian Church on Thursday evening before a large audience.

Local Matters.

The Uniform Bill.

Newport is taking a deep interest in the bill now pending before the State Legislature for the prevention of discrimination against wearers of the United States uniform in public places of amusement, some of the residents being strongly in favor of its passage and others as much opposed to it. The bill has passed the House and is now under consideration by the Senate. A public hearing was given by the judiciary committee on Thursday which was attended by a large delegation from this city, consisting largely of officers and men of the army and navy to represent the sentiment in favor of the bill. The opposition was represented by Mayor William P. Clarke of Newport.

Mr. Theodore Francis Green conducted the presentation of the case for those in favor of the bill, speaking of the necessity for it. He introduced Captain Dillingham, superintendent of naval training, Commander James H. Oliver of the War College, Chaplain Brennan and Chaplain Cascard, Paymaster Sackett, Chief Yeoman Buzenue, and a number of other enlisted men of the navy here. Mayor Clarke of Newport was present and read a statement presenting the position of the Newport Amusement Association in opposition to the bill. Senator Sanborn presided as chairman of the committee and while in no way offering opposition to the bill questioned some of the speakers at length in order to bring out all the aspects of the case.

The cruiser Prairie is in Narragansett Bay for the purpose of taking on a draft of apprentices to be sent to join the fleet at San Francisco. The men will go by way of Panama, crossing the isthmus by train and boarding another naval vessel on the other side.

Mr. Charles T. Griffith is expected to return to Newport within a day or two. He has spent the past winter in Southern waters as purser on the P. & O. Steamship Company running to Havana.

Mr. Harold F. Gilpin has returned to New York after spending Easter with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Gilpin.

Mr. Emil S. Blumenkrantz, proprietor of the Wayland Pharmacy of Providence, was in the city this week.

Miss Fanny F. Jordan has been spending her Easter vacation in New York.

THE MYSTERY

By STEWART EDWARD WHITE
And SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

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CHAPTER XXXII.

REST and good food quickly brought Percy Darrow back to his normal pulse. One inspection satisfied Dr. Tredon that all was well with him. He asked to see the captain, and that gentleman came to Darrow's room, which had been assigned to the rescued man.

"I hope you have been able to make yourself comfortable," said the commander courteously.

"It would be strange indeed if I could not," returned Darrow, smiling. "You forget that you have set a savage down in the midst of luxury."

"Make yourself free of my things," invited Captain Parkinson. "Poor fellow! He will not use them again, I fear."

"One of your new lost?" asked Darrow. "Ah! The young officer whose body I found on the beach perhaps?"

"No. But we have to thank you for that burial," said the captain.

Darrow made a swift gesture. "Oh, it thanks are going," he cried, and resumed in hopelessness of adequate expression.

"This has been a bitter cruise for us," continued the captain. He sighed and was silent for a moment. "There is much to tell and to be told," he resumed.

"Much," agreed the other gravely. "You will want to see Slade first, I presume?" said the captain.

"One of your officers whom I have not yet had the pleasure of meeting?" The captain stared. "Slade," he said. "Ralph Slade."

"Apparently there's a missing link. Or—I fear I was not wholly myself yesterday for a time. Possibly something occurred that I did not quite take in."

"Perhaps we'd better wait," said Captain Parkinson, with obvious misgiving. "You're not quite rested. You will rest more like."

"If you don't mind," said Darrow composedly. "I'd like to get at this thing now. I'm in excellent understanding, I assure you."

"Very well. I am speaking of the man who acted as mate in the Laughing Lass. The journalist who—Good heavens! Whatarrant stupidity! I have to beg your pardon, Mr. Darrow. It has just occurred to me. He called himself Eagen with you."

"Eagen? What is this? Is Eagen alive?"

"And on this ship. We picked him up in an open boat."

"And you say he calls himself 'Slade'?"

"He is Ralph Slade, adventurer and journalist. Mr. Barnett knows him and vouches for him."

"And he was on our island under an assumed name," said Darrow in tones that had the smoothness and the rasp of silk. "Rather annoying. Not good form quite, even for a pirate."

"Yet I believe he saved your life," suggested the captain.

Darrow looked up sharply. "Why, yes," he admitted, "so he did. I had hoped—He checked himself. "I had thought that all of the crew went the same way. You didn't find any of the others?"

"None."

Darrow got to his feet. "I think I'd like to see Eagen—Slade—whatever he calls himself."

"I don't know," began the captain. "It might not be—He hesitated and stopped."

Darrow drew back a little, misinterpreting the other's attitude. "Do I understand that I am under restraint?" he asked stiffly.

"Certainly not. Why should you be?"

"Well," remarked the other contemptuously, "I really might be regarded as a subject for investigation. Of course I know only a small part of it. But there have certainly been suspicious circumstances. Placidity there has been, no doubt of that; murder, too, if my intuitions are not at fault, or at least a disappearance to be accounted for. Robbery can't be denied. And there's a dead body or two to be properly accredited." He looked the captain in the eye.

"Well?"

"You'll find my story highly unsatisfactory in detail, I fancy. I merely want to know whether I'm to present it as a defense or only an explanation."

"We shall be glad to hear your story when you are ready to tell it—after you have seen Mr. Slade."

"Thank you," said Darrow simply. "You have heard his?"

"Yes. It needs filling in."

"When may I see him?"

"That's for Dr. Tredon to say. He came to us almost dead. I'll find out."

The surgeon reported Slade much better, but all a-quiver with excitement.

"Hate to put the strain on him," said the doctor. "But he'll be in a fever till he gets this thing off his mind. Send Mr. Darrow to him."

After a moment's consideration Darrow said, "I should like to have you and Dr. Tredon present, Captain Parkinson, while I ask Eagen one or two questions."

"Understand one thing, Mr. Darrow," said Tredon briefly, "this is not to be an inquisition."

"Ah!" said Darrow, unmoved. "I'm to be neither defendant nor prosecutor."

"You are to respect the condition of Dr. Tredon's patient, sir," said Captain Parkinson, with emphasis. "Outside of that your attitude toward a man who has twice thought of your life before his own is for you to determine."

No little cynicism lurked in Darrow's smile as he said:

"You have confidence in Mr. Slade, alias Eagen?"

"Yes," replied Captain Parkinson in a tone that closed that topic.

"Still, I should be glad to have you gentlemen present if only for a moment," insisted Darrow presently.

"Perhaps it would be as well—on account of the patient," said the surgeon significantly.

"Very well," assented the captain. The three went to Slade's cabin. He was lying propped up in his bunk. Tredon entered first, followed by the captain, then Darrow.

"Here's your prize, Slade," said the surgeon.

Darrow halted just inside the door. With an eager light in his face Slade leaned forward and stretched out his hand.

"I couldn't believe it until I saw you, old man," he cried.

Darrow's eyebrows went up. Before Slade had time to note that there was



"Here's your prize, Slade," said the surgeon.

no response to his outstretched hand the surgeon had jumped in and pushed him roughly back upon his pillow.

"What did you promise?" he growled. "You were to be still, weren't you? And you'll do it or you go."

"How are you, Eagen?" drawled Darrow.

"Not Eagen. I'm done with that. They've told you, haven't they?"

Darrow nodded. "Are you the only survivor?" he inquired.

"Except yourself."

"The nigger? Pulz? Thackles? The captain? All drowned?"

"Not the captain. They murdered him."

"Ah," said Darrow softly. "And you—I beg your pardon—your—er—friends disposed of the doctor in the same way?"

"Handy Solomon," replied Slade with shaking lips. "Hell's got that dead, if there's a hell for human fiends. They threw the doctor's body in the surf."

"You didn't notice whether there were any papers?"

"If there were they must have been destroyed with the body when the lava poured down the valley into the sea."

"The lava, of course," assented Darrow, with elaborate nonchalance. "Well, he was a kind old boy—a cheerful, shapely, wise old child."

"I would have given my right hand to save him," cried Slade. "It was so sudden—so damnable!"

"Better to have saved him than me," said Darrow. He spoke with the first touch of feeling that he exhibited. "I have to thank you for my life, Eagen—I beg your pardon—Slade. It's hard to remember."

Dr. Tredon arose and Captain Parkinson with him.

"Give you two hours, Mr. Darrow," said the surgeon. "No more. If he seems exhausted give him one of these powders. I'll look in in an hour."

At the end of an hour he returned. Slade was lying back on his pillow. Darrow was talking eagerly, confidentially. In another hour he came out.

"The whole thing is clear," he said to Captain Parkinson. "I am ready to report to you."

"This evening," said the captain. The mess will want to hear."

"Yes, they will want to hear," assented Darrow. "You've had Slade's story. I'll take up where he left off, and he'll check me. Mine's as incredible as—as Slade's was. And it's as true."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

AS they had gathered to hear Ralph Slade's tale, so now the depleted mess of the Wolverine grouped themselves for Percy Darrow's sequel. Slade himself sat directly across from the doctor's assistant. Before him lay a paper covered with jotted notes. Tredon slouched low in the chair on Slade's right. Captain Parkinson had the other side. Convenient to Darrow's hand lay the material for cigarettes. As he talked he rolled cylinder after cylinder and between sentences consumed them in long, satisfying puffs.

"First you will want to learn of the fate of your friends and shipmates," he began. "They are dead. One of them, Mr. Edwards, fell to my hands to bury, as you know. He lies beside Handy Solomon. The others we shall probably not see. Any one of a score of ocean currents may have swept

them far away. The last great glow that you saw was the signal of their destruction. So the work of a great scientist, a potent benefactor of the race, a gentle and kindly old heart, has brought about the death of your friends and of my enemies. The innocent and the guilty, the murderer with his plunder, the officer following his duty, one and the same end—a paltry thing of such tangled fates." He spoke low and bitterly. Then he squared his shoulders, and his manner became businesslike.

"Interrupt me when any point needs clearing up," he said. "It's a blind trail at best. You've the right to see it as plain as I can make it—with Slade's help. Cut right in with your questions. There'll be plenty to answer, and some never will be answered. Now, let me get this thing laid out clearly in my own mind. You first saw the glow—let me see?"

"Night of June 2," said Barnett.

"June 2," agreed Darrow. "That was the end of Solomon, Thackles & Co. A very surprising end to them if they had time to think," he added grimly.

"Surprising enough from the survivors' viewpoint," said Slade.

"Doubtless. They've had that story from you. I needn't go over it. This ship picked up the Laughing Lass, deserted, and put your first crew aboard. That night, was it not, you saw the second pillar of fire?"

Barnett nodded.

"So your men met their death. Then came the second finding of the empty schooner. Captain Parkinson, they must have been brave men who faced the unknown terrors of that prodigy."

"They volunteered, sir," said the captain, with simple pride.

Darrow bowed with a suggestion of reverence in the slow movement of his head. "And that night—or was it two nights later—you saw the last appearance of the portent? Well, I shall come to that. Slade has told you how they lived on the beach. With us in the valley it was different. Almost from the first I was alone. The doctor ceased to be a companion. He ceased to be human almost. A machine, that's what he was. His one human instinct was—well, distrust. His whole force of being was centered on his discovery. It was to make him the foremost scientist of the world; the foremost individual entity of his time—of all time possibly. Even to outline it, you would take too much time. Light, heat, motive power in incredible degrees and under such control as has never been known. These were to be the agencies at his call. The push of a button, the turn of a screw—oh, he was to be master of such power as no monarch ever wielded. Riches—push! Riches were the least of it. He could create them practically. But they would be superfluous. Power! Unlimited, absolute power was his goal. With his and achieved, he could establish an autocracy, a dynasty of science—whatever he chose. Oh! It was a rich, tired, golden, glowing dream, a dream such as men's souls don't formulate in these stale days—not our kind of men. The Teutonic mysticism—you understand. And it was all true. Oh, quiet!"

"Do you mean us to understand that he had this power you describe?" asked Captain Parkinson.

"In his grasp. Then comes a practical gentleman with a steel book. A follower of dreams, too, in his way. Conflicting interests—you know how it is. One well aimed blow from the more practical dreamer and the greater vision passes. I'm getting ahead of myself. Just a moment."

His cigarette glowed fiercely in the silence before he took up his tale again.

"You all know who Dr. Schernerhorst was. None of you know—I don't know myself, though I've been his factotum for ten years—along how many varied lines of activity that mind played. One of them was the secret of energy—concentrated, resistless energy. Man's contrivances were too puny for him. The most powerful engines he regarded as toys. For a time high explosives claimed his attention. He wanted to harness them. Once he got to the point of practical experiment. You can see the ruins yet—a hole in southern New Jersey. Nobody ever understood how he escaped. But there he was on his feet across a ten foot fence in a plowed field—yes, he flew the fence—and running, running, furiously in the opposite direction when the dust cleared away. Some one stopped him finally. Told him the danger was over. 'Yet I will not return,' he said firmly and faintly away. That disgusted him with high explosives. What secrets he discovered he gave to the government. They were not without value, I believe."

"They were not, indeed," corroborated Barnett.

"Next his interest turned to the natural phenomena of high energy. He studied lightning in an open steel network laboratory, with few results save a succession of rheumatic attacks and an improved electric interrupter, since adopted by one of the great telegraph companies. The former obliged him to stop these experiments, and the invention he considered trivial. Probably the great problem of getting at the secret of energy led him into his attempts to study the mysterious electrical waves radiated by lightning flashes. At any rate, he was soon as deep into the subject of electrical science as his countryman, Hertz, had ever been. He used to tell me that he often wondered why he hadn't taken up this line before—the world of energy he now set out to explore, waves in that tremendous range between those we hear and those we see. It was natural that he should then come to the most prominent radio-active elements, uranium, thorium and radium. But, though his knowledge surpassed that of the much exploited authorities, he was never satisfied with any of his results."

"Pitchblende, no!" he would exclaim. "It has not the great power. The mines are not deep enough yet!"

"Then suddenly the great idea that was to bring him success and cost him his life came to him. The bowels of the earth must hold the secret. He took up volcanoes. Does all this sound foolish? It was not if you knew the man. He was a mighty enthusiast, a born seer. Not cold blooded like the

rest of us. The fire was in his veins. A light, please. Think you."

"We chased volcanoes. There was a theory under it all. He believed that volcanic emanations are caused by a mighty and uncomprehended energy, something that achieves results ascribable neither to explosives nor heat, some eternal, inner source. Radium, if you choose, only he didn't call it that. Radium, as known to our modern scientists, he regarded as the harmless phylanthropy of people with their hanging heavy on their hands. He wasn't after force in pin point quantities—he wanted results. Yet I believe that, after all, what he sought was a sort of higher power of radium. The phenomena were related. And he had some of that concentrated essence of pitchblende in the chest when we started. Oh, not much, say about \$20,000 worth. Maybe thirty. For use? No. Rather for comparison, I judge."

"Yes, we chased volcanoes. I became used to camping between sample bells of all known varieties. I got so that the fumes of a sulphur match seemed like a draft of pure, fresh air. Wherever any of the earth's pinpoints showed signs of coming to a head there were we, taking part in the trouble. By and by the doctor got so thoroughly poisoned that he had to lay off. Back to Philadelphia we came. There an aged seafaring person, temporarily stranded, mulcted the professor of a dollar—an undertaking that required no art—and in the course of his recital touched upon yonder little cesspool of infernal iniquities. An uncharted volcanic island—one that he could have all for his own. You may guess whether Dr. Schernerhorst was interested."

"That is for which we have so long in vain sought, Percy," he said to me in his quaint, link chain style of speech. "A leechy private volcano laboratory to ourselves to have. Totally unknown, undescribed, not on the chart to be found. Tomorrow we start. I make a list of the things to get."

"He began his list, as I remember, with three dozen undershirts, a gallon of pennyroyal for insect bites, a box of assorted fishhooks, thirty pounds of tea and a case of carpet tacks. When I hadn't anything else to worry over, I used to lie awake at night and speculate on the purpose of those carpet tacks. He had something in mind. If there was anything on which he prided himself, it was his practical bent. But the list never got any further. It ceased short of one page in the ledger, as you may have noticed. I outfitted by telegraph on the way across the continent."

"The doctor didn't ask me whether I'd go. He took it for granted. That's probably why I didn't back out. Nor did I tell him that the three life insurance companies which had foolishly and trustfully accepted me as a risk merely on the strength of a good constitution were making frantic efforts to compromise on the policies. They felt hurt, those companies. My healthy condition had ceased to appeal to them. What's a good constitution between earthquakes? No, there was no use telling the doctor. It would only have worried him. Besides, I didn't believe that the island was there. I thought it was a myth of that stranded ancient mariner's imagination. When it rose to sight at the proper spot, none were more astounded than the bad risk who now addresses you."

"Yet I must say for the island that it came handsomely up to specifications. Down where you were, Slade, you didn't get a real insight into its disposition. But in back of us there was any kind of action for your money—gersers, hell spoils, fuming fissures, cunning little craterlets with half portions of molten lava ready to serve hot, more gases than you could create in all the world's chemical laboratories—in fact, everything to make the place a paradise for Old Nick and Dr. Schernerhorst. He brought along in his precious chest besides the radium some sort of raw material; also as near as I could make out a sort of cage or guardianship scheme for his concentrated essence of cussedness when he should get it out of the volcano."

"In the first seven months he puttered around the little fumers, with an occasional excursion up to the main crater. It was my duty to follow on and drug him away when he fell unconscious. Sometimes I would try to get him before he was quite gone. Then he would become indignant and fight me. Perhaps, that helped to lose me his confidence. More and more he withdrew into himself. There were days when he spoke no word to me. It was lonely. Do you know why I used to visit you at the beach, Slade? I suppose you thought I was keeping watch on you. It wasn't that; it was loneliness. In a way it hurt me, too, for one couldn't help but be fond of the old boy, and at times it seemed as if he weren't quite himself. Pardon me if I may trouble you for the matches. Thanks."

"Matters went very wrong at times. The doctor fumed like his little craters, growled out long winded, exhaustive German imprecations; wouldn't even eat. Then, again, the demon of work would drive him with thing and spur. He would rush to his craters, to his laboratories, to his ledger, for the purpose of entering unintelligible commentaries, like a misshapen rector, with which he collected gases from the craterlets. Whenever I'd hear one of those smash I knew it was a bad day. Meantime the volcano also became—well, what you might call temperamental."

"It got to be a year and a quarter—a year and a half. I wondered whether we should ever get away. My tobacco was running short, and the hearing of the men was becoming fidgity. My visits to the beach became quite interesting to me. One day the doctor came running out of his laboratory with so bright a face that I ventured to ask him about departure."

"Not so long now, Percy," he said in his old, kind manner. "Not so long. The first real success. It was made. We have ref under entire control to bring it, but it is made."

"And about time, sir," said I. "If we don't do something soon we may have trouble with the men."

"So?" said he in surprise. "But they could do nothing—nothing!" He wagged his great head confidently. "We are armed."

"Oh, yes, armed. So are they."

"We are armed," he repeated obstinately. "Such as no man was ever armed are we armed."

"He checked himself abruptly and walked away. Well, I've since wondered what would have happened had the men attacked us. It would have been worth seeing and—surprising. Yes, I'm quite certain it would have been surprising. Perhaps, too, I might have learned more of the great secret, and yet I don't know. It's all dark—a hint here, theory, mere glints of light. Where did I put—Ah, thank you?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HER NEWSPAPER DAD.

He Isn't Always Cross; Sometimes He Is Positively Jubilant.

Newspaper daddies are funny, I think. Mine's one. He's funniest at breakfast, only it isn't breakfast, 'cause it's lunch, and that's another funny thing about it.

"Where's 'mornin's paper?" he asks mamma the first thing when he comes downstairs. And then when she looks sort of childishly at him 'cause he's a little gruff he hurries up and says, "Good morning, everybody," just as though he felt kind-a 'shamed of himself."

And then he won't talk when he gets his old paper. He just sticks his nose into it and looks at one page after another just as fast as he can, and then he begins all over again and does it slower and keeps still for quite awhile.

Then mamma and I wait for an explosion.

"Jitter" he says. "They couldn't spell 'cat' right."

Then he goes chasing from one page to another as fast as ever he can, talking to himself, and when he's got real mad he shouts at mamma: "They buried it! See. They buried it back there—way back there, of course, and it's the best story in the paper!"

Then mamma says, quiet, like a calm after a storm, "Come, dear, your coffee'll get cold."

But he's more like a bear than a dear, and he doesn't come, but he keeps on growling at the old paper. I guess he finally gets tired of himself, too, and then he jumps up, throws the paper on the chair and tries to dodge mamma's funny smile.

Mamma's awfully patient, I think, and she never gets mad, but just smiles and smites at daddy when he gets cross at things. Sometimes she asks him why he wants to keep on being a newspaper man if it's so awful. One time he answered and said it was because if he kept on working sixteen hours a day maybe the office would some time give him as much as the stereotypers get for working eight hours a day. Mamma said that was sarcasm. I guess he thinks sarcasm must be a good thing for the office, 'cause he most always talks that way about it.

But newspaper daddies aren't always cross. Sometimes mine hurries downstairs a whole lot earlier, and then when he grabs the paper he smiles all over and shouts at mamma:

"See that story? That's a clean scoop, and a bully one! That's worth living for! And, say, won't the fellows on the old Bugie feel sore, though!"

"I tell you," he says then, "one day like that is worth a bicycle of Cathay," whatever that is.

And then mamma looks at me and smiles, 'cause we both think he's funny sometimes.—Des Moines, (Ia.) Register.

A Great Lawyer's Method.

Writing of "Christian Leaders of the Confederacy" in the Louisville Courier-Journal, John Goode says of Judah P. Benjamin:

"The first time I met him we discussed the practice of law, and in the course of the conversation he asked me what we considered a good fee in my part of the country, to which I replied that we considered \$500 a very respectable fee. He smiled and said: 'When I practiced law in New Orleans if a man employed me I charged him a retainer. If he came about the office much I charged him a retainer, when I had done some work in the case I charged him a retainer, and when it was all over I charged him a retainer.'"

Test For Hydrochloric Acid.

A curious mishap gave us a very delicate test for hydrochloric acid in the atmosphere. In a north of England locality many houses have curtains of the cream color produced by metanil yellow, popularly known as "dolly" cream dye and to science as "the sodium salt of meta-amido-benzene sulphonic acid-azo-diphenyl-amine." Some of these cream colored curtains suddenly changed to heliotrope. Investigation showed that an accidental escape of hydrochloric acid from a neighboring alkali plant had discolored the curtains, and the dye became a most useful test.

An Episode in Court.

"You are charged with snatching a woman's pocketbook."

"I know it, judge. But I wouldn't do such a thing, hungry and broke as I am."

"Too conciliatory, I suppose?"

"No. I don't pretend that. But why should I snatch a woman's pocketbook? What would I want with a couple of car tickets, a powder rag, a piece of chewing gum and a dressmaker's address?"

Once more a shrewd criminal over-shot his mark. His familiarity with the contents convicted him.—Washington Star.

Why He Was Suspicious.

"There is something suspicious about that," remarked the young man named Brown as he hung up the telephone receiver.

"About what?"

"Why, I just called up the home of a girl who has led me to believe that I am the warm favorite and that there are no others on her list. She wasn't at home, so the party who answered the ring said, 'but it gave me a jar when she added, 'Shall I tell her you called, Mr. White?'—New York Press.

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FEAR.

HOW IT MAY BE OVERCOME.

Fear is not always a lack of courage. One may be absolutely fearless when facing real danger, but perfectly cowardly about trifling matters. Many people fear to be in a crowded hall, and frequently, and unnecessarily, leave some enjoyable affair and return home. Thousands fear lightning to such an alarming extent, that during a thunder storm they become ill. Fear of this character is caused by a nervousness brought on chiefly by diseases of the kidneys and bladder.

A further proof that these organs are diseased, is ascertained by depositing a small quantity of urine in a glass tumbler and after standing twenty-four hours you find itropy or milky in appearance; if it has a sediment; if your back pains you, and you often have a desire to urinate during the night, with burning, scalding pains; it's the strongest kind of evidence that your kidneys and bladder are diseased and the very strongest reason why you should not delay in trying DR. DAVID KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY, the pathfinder in medicine, for disease of the kidneys and bladder, liver, rheumatism, dyspepsia and constipation.

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ON and after April 1, 1908, trains will leave

NEWPORT, for Boston, SOUTH STATION, week days, 6.50, 8.10, 11.04 a.m., 1.06, 3.06, 5.00, 6.05 p.m. Return, 6.55, 8.50, 10.40 a.m., 12.00, 4.00, 5.50, 8.50, 10.40 p.m. For Providence (via Fall River and Taunton), 6.50, 8.10, 11.04 a.m., 1.06, 3.06, 5.00, 6.05 p.m. For Taunton, 6.50, 8.10, 11.04 a.m., 1.06, 3.06, 5.00, 6.05 p.m. For Fall River, 6.50, 8.10, 11.04 a.m., 1.06, 3.06, 5.00, 6.05 p.m. For New Bedford, 6.50, 8.10, 11.04 a.m., 1.06, 3.06, 5.00, 6.05 p.m. For Boston, 6.50, 8.10, 11.04 a.m., 1.06, 3.06, 5.00, 6.05 p.m.

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Established by Franklin in 1782.

The Mercury.

Newport, R. I.

JOHN P. SANBORN, Editor and Manager.

Office Telephone 131
House Telephone 1309

Saturday, April 25, 1908.

A Tennessee man has placed a valuation of \$100 on his wife. An old bachelor remarked that some men are bound to be extravagant.

The death of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, former premier of England, leaves a void in British statesmanship that will be hard to fill. Sir Henry was undoubtedly one of the greatest men of England.

Teddy Roosevelt, Jr., has done something that his father has not yet done. Young Teddy can boast of having been up in a balloon, and there is not much doubt but that his distinguished father would like to try the same experiment.

The pleasure of the fleet's stay at Los Angeles has been somewhat interfered with by the storm that blew down all the decorations and broke up the programme generally. However, the indoor festivities have been carried out according to schedule.

Although the sales of diamonds in America have fallen off in the last few months, there will be no reduction in the price. This is the statement of Louis Abrahams, president of the big diamond syndicate, who is now in America for a short visit.

New England has been suffering from a hot wave, which passed by Newport. In Providence on Thursday the temperature reached 85 and it was about equally high in Boston. It really sounds quite summerish to read about, but Newport people have not yet had an opportunity to see how it feels.

There seems little doubt but that ex-President Cleveland is a sick man. He is under constant medical attendance at his hotel in Lakewood and Mrs. Cleveland is with him all the time. Mr. Cleveland has long been a prominent figure in the history of the United States.

Isn't it sad about Prince Helle de Sagan? His sincere devotion to Midway Island has attracted the attention of the public to such an extent that he is constantly hounded by reporters of two hemispheres and is "driven almost to desperation." Poor Helle! The course of true love—ah, well.

Down in Connecticut a few nights ago a large deer charged the headlights of a trolley car and came out second best, being found dead in the ditch after the collision. The savage animal must give way to the progress of civilization even in the wilds of Connecticut.

Venezuela will probably go unscathed for the present as far as the United States is concerned, in spite of her refusal to pay debts owing to firms in this country. Coercive measures may be used but it is doubtful if there will be any naval demonstration to make her take care of her financial obligations.

Prominent veterinarians are nowadays promulgating the belief that there is no danger to human beings in tuberculosis in cattle. A veterinary surgeon of Albany, who has had an extensive experience, asserts that the tuberculosis of cattle or other animals is entirely distinct from that of persons and that human beings are in no danger. If this is the case thousands of cattle have been needlessly slaughtered.

Out of 642 delegates already elected to the Republican national convention the Taft managers claim 267 instructed for Taft, 68 uninstructed, and 207 instructed for other candidates. There are 46 delegates whose rights will probably be contested on the floor of the convention. Of the 10 uninstructed delegates from Massachusetts the Taft supporters claim a number, as they do also some of the uninstructed delegates from other States. The total number of delegates for the convention will be 724, leaving 182 yet to be elected.

General Assembly.

The legislative session of 1908 is rapidly nearing an end, and in consequence there has been a great deal of business for the body to consider within the past week. Just when adjournment will be taken cannot yet be told but it seems hardly likely that the session will end next week, as there are yet several important bills to be disposed of.

The Supreme Court has rendered an opinion of the constitutionality of the Senate appointments of State officers, confirming the right of the Senate to so appoint, and in consequence of this Governor Higgins has signed the commissions which he was withholding pending a decision. The matter of a pardon for Joseph Brennan, who is serving a sentence for participating in the Portsmouth car barn robbery, has not yet been acted upon by the Senate, the pardon being carried on the calendar for further investigation.

A resolution has been introduced in the Senate making an appropriation for repairs to the State Armory in this city. The Senate has passed an act increasing the salaries of certain judges and clerks of the District Courts, in-

cluding that of Newport. There has been passed in concurrence an act increasing the salary of the sheriff of Newport County from \$800 to \$1200. A resolution has been introduced in the Senate making an appropriation for purchase of uniforms for the Newport Artillery to replace those destroyed by fire. Mr. Franklin for the House Judiciary committee has reported the act to establish a board of sinking fund commissioners for Newport and it has been placed on the calendar. The acts allowing the city to hire \$11,000 and to regulate plumbing and drainage have been passed in concurrence. The act relating to doors opening outward in public buildings has been passed by the Senate.

Earth Investments.

Old Earth has been quiescent for six months, and now she is going to turn in and earn her regular dividends. Millions of chemical machines, more delicate than any man has devised, are getting ready to work. They are made up of a system of little tubes and cells, and they are able to gather water and potash and phosphates from the earth and carbon from the air and to build these up into complicated and beautiful structures, to develop leaves of many exquisite patterns, and to elaborate special forms and flavors, so that the apple shall differ from the pear and the strawberry from the blackberry. But best of all they add to the wealth and comfort of man, for they furnish him and his dependent animals with food. In a month or so the dividends will begin to be paid regardless of the stock market.

First, garden was common may be depended on for a substantial dividend in June. Asparagus preferred pays fairly and so do lettuce and lima beans limited. In six months come the large dividends from united fruit and consolidated crops and general agricultural—corn and wheat and cotton. Taken altogether old earth's dividends will be not less than seven billions of dollars, or broad enough to supply every man, woman and child in the country for a year and leave a billion surplus to sell to other nations. We must say to them "send us in exchange, not useless and ornamental things like champagne and diamonds, but from your surplus of commodities something available, like leather or sugar or cloth or shingles." If they insist on paying us cash, we must turn it into something that will pay in the future, like irrigation canals or electrical installations. If we do this with the surplus dividends of earth, how can the present stringency continue?

However, old earth is not going to declare her dividends without demanding from us some help. She must have seed and cultivation; that is, she offers employment, and this is one of the best features of her scheme, for there is no happiness without work. When the banana feeds man with the minimum of labor there is no progressive civilization, little more than existence. It must be confessed, too, that ours is a wormy old earth. As soon as she develops a useful plant she hastens to produce a specialist to destroy it—a beetle or a caterpillar or a gypsy moth, an aphid or a microbe. Thus she gives us still more work to do if we are to receive her dividends undiminished. It was, perhaps, disrespectful to speak of this aged and respectable planet as a "wormy earth," and we hasten to add that she is a great artist. Whatever she produces she makes beautiful. Everything is finished delicately and symmetrically, as if the end were beauty, not utility. Not to speak of the bloom of the rose or the delicate bell of the lily or the stately tree, every blade of grass is exquisitely made, every leaf is carefully burnished.

The earth makes handsome dividends in more senses than one. Is there anything more beautiful than an ear of corn or a head of wheat?

We can depend on the earth to yield her increase and declare her yearly dividends.—Hartford Times.

Shipment of Automobiles.

Via The New England Navigation Company.

For the careful handling of automobiles, the Fall River, Providence and New Bedford Lines of the New England Navigation Company have made special provision at their New York and Eastern terminals. There are no restrictions to bar automobiles. After delivering their cars to the attendant at the Wharf, owners are saved all annoyance. The only requirement made is that automobiles must be delivered at the Wharf three hours before the advertised time of the steamer's departure. This is necessary that the tanks of the cars may be drained of gasoline before they are taken on board.

By this provision owners have the use of their cars up to the afternoon of their departure. The machines are placed on the main deck and due care is exercised in storing them so that they meet with no mishap on the voyage. As automobiles are the first cargo discharged from the steamer upon arrival at port, the automobilist may step directly from the boat to his car. The increasing number of automobiles transported by these lines is proof of the growing attraction that the smooth, hard roads and picturesque scenery of New England hold for automobile tourists.

Deacon—Are you willing to go? Unpopular Citizen (dying)—Oh, yes! I am.
Deacon—Well, I'm glad you are, for that makes it unanimous.—Judge.

Teachers Going Abroad.

The project of sending American teachers to Europe for experience is a worthy one. When Alfred Mosely brought over a large number of English teachers, in the winter of 1904-5, to inspect American school methods and conditions, he stirred the National Civic Association with desire to give American teachers a similar opportunity in regard to European schools; and that desire has now found expression in the invitation for five hundred teachers to make the trip during the six months from September to March, with the credentials of the Civic Association, and favored with such advantages as it can secure for them.

But no American Alfred Mosely has come forward offering to pay expenses and continue salaries, so that even so soon after the announcement of the plan it begins to look doubtful if even five hundred teachers will ask the privilege of the visit; for all that the National Civic Association can do for the teachers is to secure them reduced rates on the ocean steamers—a fare of five pounds for the round trip by second cabin having been arranged. But it has suggested to the school boards of the country that they plan to continue the salaries of such teachers as are elected to make the journey, announcing that in making allotments, preference will be given to nominations made by those educational authorities who propose to do this.

The stay abroad is to range from four to six weeks and the details as to places and schools to be visited can be arranged with the reception committees that will meet the visitors on their arrival at a British port or at Antwerp—for while most of the teachers will go to Great Britain, about fifty will be allowed to visit continental countries. Only a limited number of teachers will be taken in any one steamer at a time.

The selection of teachers will be confined to those engaged in elementary and secondary schools, in industrial and technical schools of elementary and secondary school grade, and in institutions for the training of teachers. Nominations must be made by boards of education, boards of trustees of individual institutions, or other appropriate educational authorities, and no applications from individual teachers will be received unless transmitted through the appropriate educational authority and with its endorsement. Applications must be made on or before the first of a form which will be sent upon request. Only those who have a sufficient acquaintance with the French or German language to profit by such visit will be accepted for the continental part of the trip; and, of such, preference will be given to those interested in trade and industrial education.

Mr. Mosely is in charge of the European reception end of the arrangements and through him the Civic Association is ready to give information as to the probable cost of travel and living while abroad. Probably reduced rates will be secured.

New York city has taken up the project with commendable interest. It has arranged to send one teacher to represent the elementary schools in each of the departments of courses of study, methods of teaching, organization, compulsory education, drawing and manual training, music, sewing, physical training, and mental defectives; and the secondary schools will be represented in the departments of courses of study, methods of teaching, organization and administration, classical languages, modern languages, mathematics, English, science, and commercial branches; and one high school principal, and one man and one woman teacher for the technical and industrial training of teachers will also be sent. The selection will be made on the basis of qualification and record, and the successful contestants will receive a leave of absence for six weeks with full pay. Only five teachers will be permitted to be absent at one time.

Rhode Island College.

Invitations have been issued to the opening of the home economics department at the Rhode Island College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts, at 2 p. m., Tuesday, April 28th. So far as the college authorities could do so, every man and woman in Rhode Island has been invited to this opening. It is to be hoped that the day will be of May rather than the April variety, so that the response to these invitations may be general.

An interesting program is promised, to be participated in by well known speakers. An inspection of the newly equipped laboratory, where tea will be served, will take place immediately after the program, and there will be time to look over the college before the evening train.

Trains arrive at Kingston at 11.54 a. m. and 2.52 p. m. from the east and at 11.04 a. m. and 2.14 from the west. Departing, they leave Kingston for the east at 5.06, 5.29 and 6.51 p. m.; and for the west at 5.03, 6.52, and 8.17 p. m.

Jerome Opposes Thaw's Release
Acting Superintendent Baker of the Mattawoman Insane Asylum called on District Attorney Jerome at New York Thursday and obtained certain papers to be used in the hearing on May 9 to show cause why Harry K. Thaw should not be freed from the asylum. Jerome said that his office would be represented at the hearing and that he would fight to the last ditch any and every attempt to give freedom to the slayer of Stanford White.

Holy War Is Threatened

The Mohmands are becoming more aggressive in India. Sir James Willcocks has been ordered to make ready for the front as speedily as possible. It is reported that in a very extensive region the tribes are preaching a holy war. The Mohmands have organized a transport supply train to bring provisions and ammunition, mostly from Afghan territory.

Forger Gets Eight Years

Charles C. Jocelyn of Bucksport, Me., was sentenced to a term of eight years in state prison for forgery. The Hancock county grand jury found sixteen indictments against him, all alleging forgery. His sentence followed a plea of guilty to one of the indictments. The other indictments were filed.

Washington Matters.

Japanese Making a Tour of the World and are now in Washington—Roosevelt is Sure Taft will be Nominated—Aeroplane for the Army—Submarine Torpedo Boat Controversy—Notes.

[From Our Regular Correspondent.]
Washington, D. C., April 24, 1908.

A most interesting and animated party of visitors are in Washington, this week, guests of the Asian Society, and a representative of that newspaper accompanies them. The group is making a tour of the world, sight-seeing, gathering information, and making observations inspired by the ambition to aid in making Japan one of the world's great powers and with a desire to contribute to the general welfare of the nation. There are about seventy in the party, representing the scientific, commercial and financial life of Japan, including three daimyo little women, wives of members of the delegation but of these three only one, Mrs. Naniwa, wears her native garb, with straw sandals and no head covering. With the exception of the foreign sounding names and their yellow peevish complexions there was nothing to indicate that the tourists were not of this country. Their attire is European and their traveling appointments of the most up-to-date design and of the best material, bearing in plain English letters the names of their owners. The visitors were received by the President at the White House and after "doing" Washington in three or four days departed for their further travel which will include visits to London, Paris, Berlin, and St. Petersburg.

Secretary Taft denies the story printed in the East recently to the effect that it is his intention to retire from the Cabinet at the close of the present session of Congress in order to be unrestricted in the prosecution of his Presidential campaign. It is the Secretary's purpose, and has been for some time, to resign if he is nominated at Chicago next June, and the propriety of such a course will commend itself to all. The Secretary has felt it to be his duty not to relinquish his portfolio because of certain legislative matters affecting his department and the Philippines which demanded his attention and in order to bring to a termination certain important questions of administration.

President Roosevelt is confident that Secretary Taft will be nominated by the Republican convention two months hence and it is understood that he is giving the succession to the War portfolio some consideration. It is not unlikely that the appointment will take the form of a personal compliment to some one of the assistant secretaries who has done well in his present position. It is strongly rumored that Assistant Secretary of State Bacon stands a better chance for this expression of regard and appreciation on the part of the President than does Assistant Secretary of War Oliver, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury Whitworth, or Charles E. Naggon, provisional governor of Cuba, though each of these men has qualities which commend themselves to the President, and each has been talked of as a likely successor to Secretary Taft in July.

Mr. A. M. Herring, an inventor of New York, is under contract to deliver to Gen. James Allen, chief signal officer of the government, before August 15th, an aeroplane that will carry 850 pounds, travel 125 miles without touching the ground, and make forty miles an hour. The official test is to be made at Fort Myer, Va. On Thursday last Mr. Herring took a model of the machine to be furnished the army to a point close to Mount Airy, N. J., and sent it twenty miles without an accident, in the presence of two witnesses. Mr. Herring is still a young man and has been busy making airships and aeroplanes for the past ten years, having spent more than \$100,000, it is said, of his own money in demonstrating the different methods by which he hopes to navigate the air.

The long existing controversy as to whether the United States should have submarine torpedo boats of the Holland type, as recommended by the Naval Committee, is at an end after a somewhat stormy debate in the House of Representatives. The provision limiting the Secretary of the Navy to the purchase of boats of the Holland type only has been stricken from the naval appropriation bill and this action gives the Secretary a free hand to select such submarines as he may believe to be best fitted for the service.

Representative Madden, of Illinois, has introduced a bill authorizing the expenditure of \$100,000 toward the building of "a national patriot shrine, which shall consist of a memorial hall costing not more than \$250,000, of which \$150,000 shall be supplied by the Lincoln Farm Association, of New York," to be placed on the farm in Kentucky where Abraham Lincoln was born. The bill provides that within this memorial hall shall be housed "the humble weather-worn log cabin in which Abraham Lincoln was born, and all other relics which tell the story of the early years of the life of which Lincoln came." This hall, according to the bill, must be completed "in time to be dedicated to the American people on February 12, 1909, the centennial of Lincoln's birthday." The Lincoln Farm Association has already raised \$100,000, by popular subscription, and the remaining \$50,000 must be forthcoming within the next twelve months, according to the terms of the bill.

Weather Bulletin.

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Washington, D. C., April 25, 1908.

Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbance to cross continent April 22 to 26, warm wave 21 to 25, cool wave 24 to 28. Next disturbance will reach Pacific coast about April 27, cross Pacific slope by close of 28, great central valleys 29 to 31, eastern states May 1. Warm wave will cross Pacific slope about April 27, great central valleys 29, eastern states 31. Cool wave will cross Pacific slope about April 30, great central valleys May 1, eastern states 8.

While the features of this disturbance will be a little more intense than for two weeks past the storms will not be of any great force and the weather will be of no great interest except that a lack of rain in some places will cause some uneasiness.

First disturbances of May will reach Pacific coast about May 3, cross Pacific slope by close of 4, great central valleys 6 to 7, eastern states 8. Warm wave will cross Pacific slope about May 8, great central valleys 6, eastern states 7. Cool wave will cross Pacific slope about May 8, great central valleys 8, eastern states 10.

This will be one of the most important disturbances of May and will cause severe storms. May is usually a quiet weather month but it will be best to keep your weather eye on the alert for

storms of more than usual force from May 1 to 8. Another period of severe storms will come about May 30 to June 8.

Not much rain with the disturbance of May 4 to 8 except severe local thunderstorms and showers covering small areas. Rainfall will probably be deficient till after May 20. A long hot dry spell may be expected May 9 to 20 followed by unusually cool 21 to 31.

I am expecting temperatures of May to average above normal in the states between the Rockies and the Alleghenies; a little cooler east of the Alleghenies and in Canada.

In the Ohio valley and southward, including all the southern states east of the Mississippi, rainfall for May will be from about to above normal. In other states, east of Rockies, rainfall will be deficient. In Canada rain will be about the usual average.

This May month will seriously injure prospects of the grasses, oats, corn and dairy interests.

NEW ENGLAND BRIEFS.

Treasurer McChung of Yale has received \$50,000 of unrestricted funds which was left to the university from the original estate of Benjamin D. Silliman.

Mrs. Houten Saul died at her home at Boston at the age of 103 years. She was the mother of nine children, all of whom, with her husband, she survived.

Mrs. Humphrey Ward, the English novelist, who is spending a few days in Boston inspecting the schools and playgrounds of the city, was tendered a reception by over 600 members of the Twentieth Century club.

Dean Frederick S. Jones of the University of Minnesota has been agreed upon by the Yale faculty as the successor of Henry P. Wright, dean of Yale college, upon the latter's retirement in September, 1909.

Llewellyn Lincoln of Searsmont, Me., aged 64, committed suicide by drowning near his home. He was considered to be prosperous and no cause has been assigned.

The grain exported from the port of Portland, Me., for the winter season just ended amounted to 5,112,181 bushels, as against 4,592,076 bushels the preceding year.

The resignation of W. G. Sabine, dean of the Lawrence scientific school and of the graduate school of applied sciences, as a member of the Harvard university athletic committee, is announced.

WEEKLY ALMANAC.

APRIL 1908.	Sun	Moon	High water
1908.	rise	set	rise
25 Sat	5 16	4 21	2 53
26 Sun	5 16	4 21	3 53
27 Mon	5 16	4 21	4 53
28 Tue	5 16	4 21	5 53
29 Wed	5 16	4 21	6 53
30 Thurs	5 16	4 21	7 53
1 Fri	5 16	4 21	8 53

Now Moon, 1st day, 6h. 2m., morning.
First Quarter, 8th day, 11h. 31m., morning.
Full Moon, 15th day, 11h. 55m., morning.
Last Quarter, 22nd day, 7m., evening.
New Moon, 30th day, 10 h. 33 m., morning.

Two Real Estate Opportunities.

FOR SALE IN FIFTH WARD.

This is an excellent cottage, containing Parlor, Dining-room, Kitchen and Pantry, 6 Bedrooms, Bath, etc., Hot-water heater, set tanks. Price \$3,800. A most desirable home for a gardener or a quiet living work in the southern part of the island.

Farm of 12 Acres For Sale.

This farm is on the West Main Road in Portsmouth. It contains a good broom corn, corn, and outbuildings. Remarkably cheap, \$5,000.

A. O'D. TAYLOR,

REAL ESTATE AGENT,

132 Bellevue Avenue. Telephone 320.

Deaths.

At his residence, on Everett street, Friday, April 24th, the Rev. Henry Morgan Stone, of William A. Stone, and Sarah F. Stone, in the 39th year of his age.

In this city, 17th inst., Fanny Wetmore, widow of the late Thomas R. Hunter, in the 89th year of her age.

In this city, 17th inst., at his residence, 18 Howard street, Oscar Gustave Simmons, aged 46 years.

In this city, 18th inst., at his residence, 490 Thayer street, John J. Jordan.

In this city, 18th inst., Charles J. Sonderman, aged 31 years.

In this city, 18th inst., Mary M., wife of William A. Ferrant, in her 44th year.

In this city, 19th inst., suddenly, Amelia C., wife of Godfrey Moffitt.

In this city, 24th inst., Emily Adelaide, wife of William A. Ferrant, in her 44th year.

In this city, 24th inst., at his residence, 16 Lucia avenue, John J. Sullivan, son of the late Timothy and Ellen Sullivan, aged 40 years.

In this city, suddenly, 18th inst., Arthur L. Peckham, of Middletown, in his 68th year.

In Middletown, 20th inst., George Alvira, son of Anna C. and the late Frank J. Vargas, in his 19th year.

In Portsmouth, 20th inst., Marie, daughter of Antoine and Marie Medes DeCosta, aged 13 years and 5 months.

In North Tiverton, 17th inst., Elizabeth M., daughter of John and Elizabeth A. Ryan, in her 36th year.

In Boston, 18th inst., Thomas H. Melville, son of Mrs. S. B. Bond.

At home, 18th inst., Henrietta Strong, wife of Daniel S. Feilding.

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Middletown.

The initial meeting of the Town Council for the new municipal year was held at the town hall on Monday afternoon. Four members only were present, including Joshua Coggeshall, Philip Caswell, Arthur W. Chase and John H. Oxx. The members present were sworn by the Town Clerk and the Council organized by the choice of Joshua Coggeshall as President.

The appointment of minor town officers and the making of a jury list were referred to an adjourned meeting to be held on Monday next, at two p. m. The annual report of Albert G. Brown, Health Officer, was read, received and ordered on file. Francis E. Lewis and J. Overton Peckham were appointed Auctioneers.

The petition of Charles E. Proctor and others for the improvement of Forest avenue was referred to the third Monday of May.

The petition of the Providence Telephone Company for permission to extend its pole line through Turner's Lane was granted.

A large number of accounts were examined, allowed and ordered paid, including the following:

For highway repairs, Elmer B. Stearns, Surveyor of District No. 1, \$56.00; William S. Caswell, Surveyor of District No. 2, \$125.40; Nathan B. Brown, Surveyor of District No. 3, \$75.30; William G. Brown, Surveyor of District No. 4, \$36.00; Albert G. Brown, services as health officer, \$50.00; Dr. D. P. A. Jacoby, examination of school in Oliphant School, \$5.00.

I. Lincoln Sherman, Alden P. Barker, William S. Coggeshall, James Willie Peckham and John H. Oxx services as assessors, \$20.00 each, \$100.00; Benjamin Caswell, services as Janitor of Town Hall, \$13.20; T. T. Pitman, advertising notice of town meeting and order of reward, \$35.50; Edward S. Peckham, coal for heating office of Town Clerk, \$22.75; J. Stacy Brown, services as attorney in automobile case, \$25.00; Herald Publishing Company, advertising notice of reward and notice of ex parte meeting, \$12.75; R. S. and J. Oscar Peckham for kerosene oil, \$5.75; Plumber and Manchester Company, wood for town hall, \$2.10; Accounts for the relief of the poor, \$35.00; Total, \$658.75.

In Court of Probate the first account of H. Batty Coudon, Guardian of C. Henry Coudon, was allowed and ordered recorded.

The first account of Lydia M. Ward, Administratrix on the estate of George E. Ward, and her petition for an order of distribution were continued to the third Monday of May.

The first and final account of Joel Peckham, Administrator on the estate of Nathaniel Peckham, was verified and passed for record.

Inventories of the estates of Dorothy M. Sayer and others were allowed and ordered recorded.

The following petitions presented for the first time were each referred to the third Monday of May and notice ordered on each.

Petitions of Lydia M. Ward, Guardian of Hazel B. Ward and Rowena F. Ward, for license to sell their interest in the George E. Ward homestead, on Prospect avenue.

Petitions of Margaret B. Simmons and others to appoint Charles H. Ward, Administrator de bonis non on the estate of William J. Simmons, also Administrator on the estate of his widow, Rebecca B. Simmons.

LOW RATE OF MORTALITY. From November 9, 1907 to April 6, 1908, a period of nearly five months, there was not a single death in Middletown. For a township of 1800 people, this is a remarkable showing and is strong testimony to the good sanitary condition of the town.

After this long absence of death in our midst, the first break occurred when Rebecca B. Simmons, the widow of the late Professor William O. Simmons, passed away on the sixth instant. This gracious and refined woman was everything to her family and her death occasioned a large vacancy therein. Her last sickness confined her to the house during the winter months. On last Monday George Vargas, the youngest son of the late Frank J. Vargas, after a heroic struggle for recovery extending through many months, died at his mother's residence on Forest avenue. He underwent operations and submitted to a long course of treatment, but without any permanent benefit. At the beginning of his manhood in the full vigor and aspirations of his youth he was cut down by the stern reaper.

Late Sunday evening, when abroad in Newport, after a few hours of severe illness, Arthur Lewis Peckham expired.

In the Paradise District for nearly a score of years, Mr. Peckham had been a central figure, a business guide and counselor to many of its residents. His father, the late William E. Peckham, who deceased in 1897, had for many years been identified with the government of Middletown, and when the father was overtaken by the infirmities of age, the eldest son, now taken away, succeeded in a large measure to the office and position occupied by the father. Elected to the Town Council in 1892, he was continued in that office until April, 1906. He had just completed fifteen years of unbroken service on the Public School Committee. He was the senior member of the firm of Peckham Brothers, which has furnished crushed stone to the town for the past fifteen years. In the various departments of highway construction and improvement he was well informed. From long study and observation, he knew the needs of the numerous highways of Middletown, and was always active and influential, as a member of the Town Council, in promoting their betterment.

On Easter Sunday the corner stone of the new Methodist Episcopal Church was laid with formal services. There was a large attendance and the only unpleasant feature of the occasion was the rain which served to shorten the programme and the greater part of the service was conducted in the hall which is being used temporarily.

The service at the location of the new church consisted of the reading of the Scripture by Rev. H. H. Critchlow and the offering of prayer by Rev. Alfred J. Talbot, D. D., of Providence. The congregation then entered the hall for the rest of the exercises. Among the clergymen who took part were Rev. H. H. Critchlow, Rev. Joseph Cooper of Newport, Rev. F. J. Pollanabee of Portsmouth, and Rev. Elijah J. Talbot, D. D., who delivered the sermon. Music

TAFT MEN DEFEATED

Mastered Twenty-Five Votes in
New Hampshire Convention

DELEGATES UNINSTRUCTED

Union's Friends Asked For Division
and Were Overwhelmed by More
Than Seven Hundred—What a
"Preference" Vote Showed

Six members of the New Hampshire delegation to the Republican national convention at Chicago were selected at Concord at the state and second district conventions, and the platform, which was identical in each case, contained a resolution to the effect that "the real interests of the party and of the presidential candidate to be nominated at Chicago will best be served, by the omission of instructions, specific or implied, in the form of resolutions of preference."

The delegates-at-large chosen were Senator Jacob H. Gallinger, Chester B. Jordan, Edwin G. Eastman and Edwin F. Jones. The alternates-at-large are George R. Leighton, James L. Gibson, George H. Moses and William P. Straw.

The second district delegates are Seth M. Richards and Lester F. Thurber; alternates, Charles G. Shedd and William P. Thayer.

The state convention occupied two hours, while the district convention was in session less than fifteen minutes.

At the state convention an amendment to the effect that it was the "earnest belief that the man embodying every element of a triumphant candidate was William H. Taft" was tabled by a large majority, about 25 out of a total of 763 delegates voting in favor of the resolution.

The convention, however, was given a somewhat unexpected opportunity of expressing its sentiment toward five candidates for president. In speaking in opposition to the Taft amendment, Thomas Chalmers asked for a voice vote of preference for LaFollette, Cannon, Fairbanks, Hughes and Taft in succession. No one voted for LaFollette. Two votes were heard for Cannon, one for Fairbanks, a faltered shout for Hughes and a much louder demonstration for Taft.

The first few formalities, the opening remarks of Chairman Gallinger of the state committee, the appointment of the different committees and the speech of John McLean as permanent chairman passed off without incident. But scarcely had the platform, which was read by Henry B. Quimby, and which contained, in addition to its non-preference plank, a recognition of an early revision of the tariff and an endorsement of the president, been read, than Judge David Cross of Manchester mounted the stage and offered the Taft amendment. The vigor, eloquence and humor of Cross' speech almost belied the fact that the speaker was in his 66th year.

Congressman Currier opposed the resolution in a vehement speech. The resolution, however, was seconded, and Chalmers then came forward in an effort, as he said, to promote harmony, and at the same time to give the Taft men in the convention a chance to express their sentiments.

As soon as he had finished his call of the roll of the presidential candidates and had announced his opposition to the resolution, a voice vote was taken on the question of tabling the amendment. Although the chairman declared the tabling motion carried, some of the Taft delegates asked for a division. On a rising vote it seemed as if nearly the entire convention rose to its feet in the affirmative, while only twenty-five stood in the negative.

The original platform then went through with a rush, the delegates and alternates were chosen by acclamation and the convention adjourned.

Was Friend of the Needy

Miss Edith E. Marshall, for several years a prominent figure in rescue work in the slums of great cities, died at Waverly, Mass. She was a victim of her own enthusiastic endeavors, her death being caused by a breakdown due primarily to overwork. She was born in London in 1870, and when only 16 years old began a career of missionary and rescue work which continued up to within a few weeks ago.

Morrisey Wins Marathon Race

T. P. Morrisey of the Mercury Athletic club, New York city, won the twelfth annual renewal of the Boston Athletic association Marathon road race, covering the twenty-five miles from Ashland to the finish mark in this city in 2:25:43.15. The time is second to the record of 2:24:24, made last year by Tom Longboat, the Canadian Indian runner.

Cannot Fulfill Airship Contract

J. E. Scott gave up a contract with the war department for furnishing a heavier-than-air flying machine for the signal office for \$1000. The contract will be cancelled. The two remaining awards call for machines at \$20,000 and \$25,000 respectively.

Victim of Hydrophobia

As a result of a dog bite received six weeks ago, Irene McQuirk of Southbridge, Mass., aged 6 years, is dead. Hydrophobia developed within the past few days, but the girl was not taken to the hospital until the disease was beyond control.

Shinborn Again in the Toils

After only two days' liberty, following thirteen years' imprisonment for bank robberies, Max Shinborn is again in jail on a charge of larceny of \$200 from Daniel Ketcham of Adrian, Mich., a lodger in a house at Boston, where the released prisoner engaged a room immediately after his discharge from the New Hampshire state prison on Easter Sunday.

NOT A GREAT GENIUS

But Campbell-Bannerman Had Won
the Hearts of Englishmen

"He was the faithful servant of his country; I am truly sorry he has gone," is the expression King Edward used on hearing of the death of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, and it well expresses the deep feeling of regret, as for a personal loss, underlying the tributes given in unquenching measure by public men and newspapers of all shades of opinion.



SIR HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN.

That all are ready to admit that Sir Henry was neither a statesman of genius nor even a great administrator is not allowed to detract from the volume, the warmth or the sincerity of the tributes to his great force of character, his undeviating honesty of purpose, his courage and gentility of disposition, which enabled him to win all hearts, and his tact in dealing with men which brought him to the highest position of state.

Sir Henry died at his official residence in Downing street. The end was peaceful. The cause of death is officially given as heart failure.

Spooks in County Jail

A petition signed by every one of the prisoners in the county jail at Asheville, N. C., has been sent to the jailer and the sheriff, appealing for protection from "evil spirits," which the prisoners declare haunt the jail. The prisoners say an evil spirit appeared and swung to and fro along the iron grating of the cages from midnight until 2 or 3 o'clock in the morning. Two of the prisoners fainted. The others hid under the bedclothes.

Inland Waterway Commission

Secretary Taft has endorsed the bill providing for the appointment of an inland waterway commission and for the improvement and development of a great scheme of inland water routes throughout the country. The co-operation with states, municipalities, corporations and individuals provided by the bill is particularly commended by the war department.

Locomotives Lost in Fire

Nine locomotives were burned with the roundhouse of the Boston and Maine railroad at East Somerville, Mass., causing a loss of \$80,000. Four larger locomotives were taken out of the roundhouse during the fire. Engineer Adams running out the last under cover of several streams of water when the fire was at its height. The cause of the fire is not known.

Liberals' Attitude Toward Ireland

Winston S. Churchill has formally announced that he had the concurrence of Premier Asquith in saying that at the close of the present parliament the Liberal party would claim full authority and a free hand to deal with the problem of Irish self-government without being restricted by mere measures of devolution like the abandoned Irish councils bill.

Grover Cleveland's Sickness

Lakewood, N. J., April 24.—The condition of ex-President Grover Cleveland, about whom alarming reports have been circulated, is said by Mrs. Cleveland to be improved. Mrs. Cleveland has been suffering from rheumatic gout and stomach trouble, and is said to have been reduced in weight considerably in consequence. With Mrs. Cleveland and a trained nurse he came to Lakewood about March 19 and since then has occupied a suite of rooms at the Lakewood hotel, where it was said he was regaining his health and strength. Since his arrival he has celebrated his 71st birthday.

England Keeps Chesapeake's Flag

London, April 24.—The flag of the American frigate Chesapeake, which was taken by H. M. S. Shannon June 1, 1813, and which was recently sold at auction in this city, has been presented to the Royal United Service Museum by William W. Astor. It was announced at the auction that the agent who secured the trophy was acting on behalf of an American.

Steamer at Ocean's Mercy

Halifax, April 24.—The disabled French steamer Breiz-Bret, which was picked up and taken in tow by the tank steamer Lucerne last week, is again adrift at the mercy of the winds and waves in the Atlantic. The Lucerne arrived at Philadelphia and reported the loss of her tow through the parting of the cable in a gale last Saturday night, when off the Nova Scotia coast.

Four Killed in Mine Explosion

Pittsburg, April 24.—The miners who volunteered for rescue work in the mine at Ellsworth, where an explosion occurred yesterday, have completed their search of the mine and report that only four men were killed. The explosion resulted from the victims striking a pocket of gas while at work far back in the mine and ahead of the air supplied by the ventilating system.

SECOND FIRE WAS SET

Opinion of Chief Spencer of
Chelsea Fire Department

AN INSURANCE "BLACK BOOK"

Suggested as a Means of Checking
Numerous Fires Apparently of In-
cendiary Origin—Proposed Com-
mission For the Stricken City

Boston, April 24.—The Post says: "I was too busy at the time the big fire started to note with my own eyes any cases of incendiarism, but I am satisfied that the second fire was set," said Chief Spencer of the Chelsea fire department to a Post reporter last night.

"I have had twenty people come to me and state that they know the second fire was not started by the first fire in the Boston Blacking company's building. There were no sparks coming from the first fire, for nothing was burning there except rosin and tar, which do not create sparks, only smoke."

Evidence is said to have been placed in the hands of Deputy Chief Neal of the state police, says The Post, to the effect that an organization existed in Chelsea among certain persons in the section where the fire started by which fires were deliberately set by employed agents for the purpose of securing insurance money. A legal adviser is said to have been employed and deliberate plans were made before each fire was set. Many such fires were chafed fires in private dwellings, it is said.

In most every case the occupants of such houses were very conveniently away at the time of the fire. The closets burned almost invariably contained their best articles of wearing apparel and they were eager to collect the insurance as quickly as possible, it is alleged.

"I do not know of any organization of that sort existing," said Spencer, "but I think there might have been some understanding of that sort. I know that we have had about 100 fires which were very similar."

"There were five fires in one family, for instance, which all seemed to have started in the same way. A great many of our dwelling house fires have started in closets. I should say one-half, perhaps."

"What would you suggest as a remedy for such a condition of affairs?" asked The Post reporter.

"I should say the fault lies with the insurance people in a large part," replied Spencer. "Take some of these places that are heavily overinsured by the insurance brokers. I know of a case of a stable upon which seven policies of \$1000 each were taken out by a broker. The assessed valuation of the stable was only \$2800."

"There should be a place in the city for all the insurance agents in the city where records should be kept, or a sort of black book. Before a Boston insurance agent could make out a policy for some customer secured by a broker he should be able to ascertain from the Chelsea black book whether this prospective customer was overinsured or not, or whether he was a good risk. He should be looked up."

"I think also that there should be stricter building laws. No licenses for a building for the storage of rags should be given except after the strictest investigation."

It is expected that some very interesting testimony will be introduced at the inquest when it is resumed in the courthouse.

The draft of a bill providing for a commission of five to govern the city of Chelsea during its reconstruction was agreed upon at a conference of prominent citizens and officials of that city at the state house yesterday. The bill, which was submitted to the legislature under a suspension of the rules, provides that a commission of five citizens of Chelsea shall be appointed by the governor to hold office until 1909, and thereafter three for five years, one for four years and one for three years.

The vacancies caused by the retiring commissioners shall be filled by popular election, under the same provisions of law as now govern the election of a mayor, and such elected commissioners shall hold office for three years. The first such election shall be at the state election in 1911.

The commission shall take the place of the present mayor and board of aldermen and shall have power to appoint a school committee.

The commissioners shall have all the powers of the present city government and their compensation is to be fixed by the governor. After a certain period the members of the school committee are also to be elected.

Hughes Calls Extra Session

Albany, April 24.—The legislature of 1908 closed its regular session yesterday afternoon and Governor Hughes at once filed a proclamation summoning an extraordinary session, to begin on May 11. The proclamation gives no intimation of the purpose for which the governor calls the extra session.

Instructed For Bryan

Springfield, Ill., April 24.—The Illinois Democracy adopted the unit rule and instructed its delegates to the national convention at Denver to vote for William J. Bryan and to "use all honorable means" to secure his nomination.

Two Battleship Proposition Stands

After but very scant consideration, the senate committee on naval affairs reported the naval appropriation bill to the senate. It carries \$111,646,549, an increase of \$7,678,031 over the amount of the bill as it was passed by the house. On the battleship construction problem the senate committee adopted the policy of the house, making the change in the provision for two vessels.

MILDRED BREWSTER IS FREE

Anna Wheeler's Slayer Cautioned by
Judge to Live Quietly

Montpelier, Vt., April 24.—Mildred Brewster, who shot and killed Anna Wheeler in this city in 1895, but who was found not guilty of murder by reason of insanity, was released from the insane asylum at Waterbury, where she has been for nine years.

Miss Brewster herself petitioned the supreme court for her release, which Judge Hall, yesterday afternoon, declared to be granted. Judge Hall cautioned her to live quietly and turned her over to the care of Mrs. J. W. Ross of Hardwick.

Striking Engineers Return

Boston, April 24.—The strike of the steam engineers employed in the granite industry in Quincy for a wage increase was settled last night. A compromise was effected and an agreement signed which is to remain in force three years. Sixty stationary and hoisting engineers were affected. They returned to work this morning. The strike has lasted three weeks.

Arrested on Bribe Charge

Boston, April 24.—On a charge of conspiracy to bribe a federal juror, William J. Alkon and Harris A. Alkon, brothers, were arrested yesterday at the Charles street jail, where they were committed the day before after being convicted in the United States district court of using the mails in a scheme to defraud merchants out of goods sold on credit.

Royal Arcanum Convention

Lowell, Mass., April 24.—The thirty-first annual convention of the grand council of Massachusetts, Royal Arcanum, opened here with 178 members of the grand council body present. Nominations were put before the body of those who aspire to offices. The election will come this afternoon. There are only a few contests, and these are for minor offices.

Went Ashore at High Tide

Chatham, Mass., April 24.—Schooner Abbie and Eva Hooper, Captain Holmes, bound from St. John for New York with a cargo of lumber, grounded off Handerkief shoal at high water and remains there. She is in a comparatively easy position. It is believed that a portion of the deckload will have to be jettisoned before she can be floated.

Wind Carried Fire a Mile

Lowell, Mass., April 24.—Fire destroyed the Elmer E. Cole grain elevator and grist mill at Bennett Hall station, also the residence of Mrs. Nellie Morton in Billerica Centre. Burning shingles were carried by the wind a mile across country to a twenty-acre wood lot. The flames are thought to have started from a spark from a freight engine.

Mills Closed by Fire

Fall River, Mass., April 24.—As the result of a fire in the engine room of the Westman mill, one of the largest cotton plants in this city, 1000 operatives will be thrown out of employment for several weeks. The loss is estimated at \$15,000.

Currency Commission Favored

The national house of representatives committee on banking and currency voted to lay on the table the financial bill offered by Representative Vreeland as a substitute for the Aldrich bill and decided to report favorably the bill recently introduced by Chairman Fowler providing for a currency commission to consist of eleven members of the senate, eleven members of the house and twenty-one others, who must be citizens of the United States.

COULD HARDLY STOP SCRATCHING

Severe Itching Humor on Joints
Made Movement Difficult—Suffered
for a Year and a Half—
Many Treatments Failed to Cure.

USED CUTICURA AND ECZEMA DISAPPEARED

"I was suffering with eczema for a year and had tried all kinds of medical treatment but without any results. All the joints of my body were affected in such a way that I had difficulty in walking and moving about. It itched so at times that I could hardly keep from scratching it all the time. I had suffered for about a year and four months before trying Cuticura Soap, Cuticura Ointment, and Cuticura Resolvent. After using Cuticura for two months regularly, not missing a day, all signs of eczema disappeared and now you could not tell that I ever had eczema. I cannot find words sufficient to do the Cuticura Remedies justice. Daniel Fisher, Jr., 1910 Lansdown St., Baltimore, Md., July 5, 1907."

BABIES CURED

Torturing, Disfiguring
Humors Speedily
Yield to Cuticura.

The suffering which Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment have alleviated among skin-tortured, disfigured infants and children, and the comfort they have afforded worn-out and worried parents, have led to their adoption in countless homes as a priceless treatment for the skin and blood. Infants and birth humors, milk crust, scalled head, eczema, rashes, and every form of itching, scaly, pimply skin and scalp humors, with loss of hair, of infancy and childhood, are speedily, permanently, and economically cured, in the majority of cases, when all other remedies suitable for children fail. Cuticura Remedies are guaranteed absolutely pure under the U. S. Food and Drugs Act.

Complete External and Internal Treatment for Every Humor of Infants, Children, and Adults. Cuticura Soap (2c) to cleanse the skin, Cuticura Ointment (10c) to soothe the inflamed surface, and Cuticura Resolvent (50c), or in the form of Cuticura Tablets (25c), to purify the blood. Send for Circular, Free. Price, 10c. Cuticura Remedies, Boston, Mass. Cuticura Remedies, Boston, Mass.

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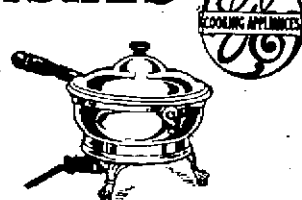
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CHAFING DISHES



With an ALCOHOL Lamp you must fill the lamp, adjust the wick, strike a match, and be very careful not to spill alcohol on the table top.



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Children's Eyes a Specialty.

If you have blurring vision, smarting eyes, if your head aches a great deal of the time, have it attended to at once by a competent man. The prescriptions that were on file at Heath & Co. are now on file at my office. The optical repairing of all kinds. Oculist's prescriptions given personal attention.

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Furnished Cottages

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BLOCK ISLAND.

H. S. MILLIKIN,

Real Estate Agent

Concerning Greyhounds.

The Great Age of this Peculiar Breed.

We are told that representations of the greyhound appear upon sculptures over 8000 years old. There is in any case no doubt that it is one of the very oldest fixed types of dog and the most universal in its distribution. India, Arabia, Persia, among the countries that have for ages had the greyhound, and we have lately seen exhibited in England a greyhound from Afghanistan—a shaggy form, suited to that mountain land. Of course, these dogs are not all exactly greyhounds in our English sense, but they are essentially the same in type, they are "greyhounds," long legged, light built dogs, bred to run their game by sight and not by scent, and to overtake it, not by wearing it down, but by sheer speed and skill of running. How this type was evolved, how fixed, affords much interesting speculation; but it is all dealt with in the treatises, and is, after all, quite a separate matter. The following remarks are only about the dog as we know him today. Any interest these lines may possess will lie in the fact that they are really first hand, because the writer is one of a partnership of two which sees more of its dogs than many owners, since, having but a small kennel, they neither send their puppies out to "work" nor employ a professional trainer, but look to the whole thing themselves. The writer is also still in his first enthusiasm. Less than a decade ago he knew but little about coursing matters. He had never himself kept greyhounds. The little he knew was derived from days with some sporting farmers, when he walked about on the stubbles, kicked up the hares ourselves, and slipped at them the "long" dogs, which usually "ran cunning." Nor did old-fashioned relatives encourage one to go further.

One used to hear that it was a "pot-house," not a "gentleman's" sport, and that the greyhound was a most undesirable dog to have about, being treacherous and snappish. All of this we have found to be misleading.

Our own venture began with an old blood bitch. She had an excellent record, had won or divided various small stakes, and had even "run up" fairly well in the Waterloo cup. She had so far declined the responsibilities of a family, and was, therefore, purchased cheap. Eventually she produced five whelps, whose father, though he was a bit slow, had a lot of stamina and was an honest running and fairly useful dog. The puppies turned out just as one should have expected from such a union; all slow, almost always "led" in the run up; none the less because of their cleverness and their staying power, with a strong hare, they contrived to divide a few small stakes, which paid their kennel expenses. They never could have done more, never could have won in really good company; and we parted with them, having learned this lesson, that it does not pay to breed from any but fast parents on both sides, although, as in other fields of breeding, the dam's record is no doubt of more importance than the sire's.

Breeding greyhounds is tricky work anyway, and full of disappointments and contradictions. Who can explain, for instance, who Merton had such extraordinary influence, while McGrath, that great dog of the end of the sixties, had no good original descendants? Or again why, of two distinguished sires, Miss Glendyue's produced to nothing much, whereas Bitt of Fashion bore the incomparable Kullerton and had other wonderful descendants? None the less, the man who owns a litter by a promising union has always the chance that among that crawling bundle of blind pups may be a Waterloo winner. To win the Waterloo Cup, indeed, to win a cup at any first class meeting, means that a dog must be both fast and clever. He must also be trained to perfection, because he has to run through many heats and run out to the very end—there is no dividing.

A greyhound is probably the fastest creature that moves upon the earth. Is it not on record that a greyhound beat the famous racehorse Mying Childers? An absolute trial between the two animals is difficult to bring off because, while the horse can be ridden at top speed, it is impossible to ensure that the greyhound will run "all he can." But a dog that can start, say, fifty yards behind a hare and overtake it within another fifty, and this is about what a greyhound does, must surely be faster than anything else that lives, or has his parallel only among the birds.

Cleverness means ability to "run" a hare, to turn the hare, and to turn with the hare instantaneously, or rather synchronously, as though both were parts of the same compound organism. A dog that knows too much will not do this—he will only try to catch the hare, and will ruin his chances by "running cunning." Once he takes to this he is of no further use for coursing, but has fallen to the furcher's rack.

But if parents goes for much, at least as important a matter is the bringing up of the whelps. The man who owns a large kennel is always at this disadvantage, that he cannot himself see to all the puppies and, therefore, they have to be sent out to "work." (Though I have spoken of the "puppies" of a litter, technically it is a litter of "whelps," then they become "puppies," then their first courting season, "puppies.") Greyhound puppies are not so easy to walk as foxhound puppies; they are far more delicate and are apt to develop ticks and other infantile complaints. There is also the risk that they may not be carefully fed, and may be allowed to run about in the cold and damp or even to be tied up with a chain, with bow legs as a result. Of a hundred puppies that come back from work it is possible that fifty may be physically useless. Therefore it is best to raise the young ones a home, unless they are too many for the premises. If they can run out loose, all the better, so long as they have good warm shelter for retreat in cold, wet times. Running loose like this, they will grow accustomed to other dogs and to poultry and farm-yard animals, and you will be saved the later trouble of breaking them from running after these, as they will certainly otherwise do. An excellent place for them is an empty walled farm-yard, cleanly gravelled. Here they are protected from every wind, and have always a hot sunny corner to bask in—and greyhounds love the sun. It is, of course, a great advantage to have the litters early in the year. A greyhound born in February naturally stands a better chance in the autumn stakes of the following year than one not whelped till June, and, moreover, has most of the sun to grow in. A bitch puppy always in development seems a month ahead of a dog puppy. When about twelve to fourteen months old the puppies come into the kennel and on their subsequent treatment there is room for some difference of

opinion. The orthodox, or at any rate the usual plan is to keep them shut up, only allowing them out for exercise at regular intervals.

We are not orthodox; on the contrary we take just the opposite view, for we allow them to run loose in a large enclosure where they can play about to their heart's content, or go inside to their kennel as the fancy takes them. We think this is better for them; and, although our friends are always warning us that by doing this we shall make them "slow," we have not as yet found it so.

In training also we follow our own ideas, though they too are opposed to the usual practice. There are, of course, different views on training; but the great majority of trainers follow the old traditional systems. The dogs are kept shut up and are only brought out for their exercise, which consists of long walks along the road alternated with gallops. These two forms of exercise are, of course, given on different days. It is surprising to see by the old accounts what severe work greyhounds used to be given. Ten miles along the road and long gallops with a horseman seem to have been a usual practice. Even now trainers are wont to give their charges road walks of eight miles. We think this is wrong; we cannot see why you should train a dog differently from a runner; and, if you were training a man for a quarter-mile race, you would not ask him to tramp the roads mile after mile at a walking pace, or you would certainly make him slow. It is quite true that road exercise develops the muscles in to lumps, as trainers like to see them; but the question is, does this help the dog in galloping, and are these muscles just in the right place? (A man may develop his biceps to any extent with the dumbbells, but that does not make him quicker with the gloves.) Well, we let our dogs run about as they like, only give them enough road exercise to harden their feet, rather than overgallop them, and this, though always over a measured course sometimes up a gradual ascent of down land, sometimes over the water ditches of the river bottoms. No one will deny that they come up fit for their work at the meetings—there appearance is always matter for congratulation.

There are also various other points—for instance in feeding, in which we take our own line. We are not laying down the law; we are not claiming that we have found the only way, for that would be ridiculous; we have not yet trained our Waterloo winner, nor for that matter a dog of the first class, and it is more than probable, never may; for there are many lines and cuts in coursing. But it is just these little points which give an interest to a small kennel. It would be very dull if we all had to follow blindly a system that was cut and dried. Yes, there are many disappointments in keeping greyhounds; the would-be courser must be prepared for these. But I would urge on him, at any rate until he has found his feet, to train his dogs himself and be content with a small kennel. A man who has forty or fifty or more dogs to look after cannot study their individual characters, and almost every dog requires some different treatment whether in the kennel or in training. Let the beginner do it himself, looking after them in the kennel, and getting up in the early morning to give them their gallops on the training ground. He will be delighted with it all, and with his appetite for breakfast. Let him not expect too much even from his most promising puppy, but remember that the fastest dog of the season is of little use unless he can "work" a hare.

On the ethics of coursing I need say little. Questions of "cruelty" each man must settle for himself; but I may be allowed just to say this—that if hunting a hare with barriers is not cruel, then a fortiori coursing out is not, since the guillotine is more merciful than death by slow degrees. I have heard men who follow both declare that they prefer coursing to racing, and I can quite understand it. In coursing there is the absolute certainty that all is above suspicion of anything "shady." Every time a dog is run he is honestly run to win or divide the stake. You cannot "pull" a greyhound. No doubt he could be choked in the slips, but he never is. Slippers are honest fellows, and chiefly drawn from the farming class. A country coursing meeting is as quiet as a house shooting party, and the rowdy race-course element is not there.

Finally, if the beginner has a lady greyhound which is not quite good enough to keep in training, let him keep her as a pet. All that used to be said about snappishness and treachery is sheer nonsense; no dog is more attractive in manners and affection, none a more charming creature in the house; and last, but not least, no dog brings less mud into the house.—London Times.

"The President of the Women's Club wished to resign."

"No other member can fill her shoes," declared her friends.

"That's so," assented her enemies. "Then there was more trouble than ever."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"So you have a new butler?"

"Yes," answered Mr. Cimrox.

"Do you like his work?"

"I never thought of asking myself such a question, I would not dare assume such a critical and patronizing attitude."—Washington Star.

Higgs—Do you believe that the use of tobacco impairs the memory?

Diggs—Not necessarily. I haven't been able to forget that cigar you gave me two weeks ago—but perhaps there was too tobacco in it.—Chicago Daily News.

"You don't mean to tell me," said Mrs. Housekeeper, "that you were ever a poet?"

"Yes, ma'am," replied Warty Willie "when I was younger. Dat was how my feet first went astray."—Philadelphia Press.

First Little Girl—Your papa and mamma are not real parents. They adopted you.

Second Little Girl—Well, that makes it all the more satisfactory. My parents picked me out and you had to take you just as you came.

Mamma—Now, Tommy, how often do you want me to speak to you about your misbehavior?

Tommy—I ain't partie'lar, ma. Sult yourself.—Catholic Standard and Times.

"Some people believe a man cannot smoke and be a Christian. Do you?"

"I've never tried any of your cigars."—Judge.

CASTORIA
Bears the Signature of
Chas. H. Fletcher

Booker Washington's Early Home.

The One-Room Cabin the Only Home of Most Slaves.

From Booker T. Washington's "Negro Home" in the Nineteenth Century.

The first negro home that I remember was a log cabin about fourteen by sixteen feet square. It had a small narrow door, which hung on rusty, worn-out hinges. The windows were mere openings in the wall, protected by a flimsy shutter, which sometimes was closed in winter, but which usually hung idly on uncertain hinges against the walls of the house.

Such a thing as a glass window was unknown to this house. There was no floor, or, rather, there was a floor, but it was nothing more than the naked earth. There was only one room which served as kitchen, parlor and bedroom for a family of five, which consisted of mother, my elder brother, my sister, myself and the cat. In this cabin we all ate and slept, my mother being the cook on the place. My own bed was a heap of rags on the floor in the corner of the room next to the fireplace. It was not until after the emancipation that I enjoyed for the first time in my life the luxury of sleeping in a bed. It was at times, I suppose, somewhat crowded in those narrow quarters, though I do not now remember having suffered on that account, especially as the cabin was always pretty thoroughly ventilated, particularly in winter, through the wide openings between the logs in the walls.

I mention these facts here because the little slave's cabin in which I lived as a child, and which is associated with all my earliest memories, is typical of the places in which the great mass of the negro people lived a little more than forty years ago; and there are thousands of negro men and women living to-day in comfortable and well-kept homes who will recognize what I have written as a good description of the homes in which they were born and reared.

Probably there is no single object that so accurately represents and typifies the mental and moral condition of the larger proportion of the members of my race fifty years ago as this same little slave cabin. For the same reason it may be said that the best evidence of the progress which the race has made since emancipation is the character and quality of the homes which they are building for themselves to-day.

An Admiral's Stories.

Lord Charles Beresford has a choice collection of stories at the expense of justice placed in office at the Admiralty as a consequence of a turn of the political wheel. Of one lord of the Admiralty he told a delighted House of Commons how, receiving a report of disaster to a ship, coughed in technical phrase, he wrote a reply recommending with the officer for his use of bad language. Another civilian lord, looking over a chart, and observing that one of his majesty's ships, homeward bound, passed within a space of two inches on the chart an island where castaway sailors were sheltering, wanted to know why it could not call and relieve them. Lord Charles explained that the two inches of the chart meant a distance at sea of four thousand miles.

HOLLAND MUSTARD.

Some of the Virtues Ascribed to it and One Way to Make it.

Hollanders use enormous quantities of mustard and thrive on the condiment. There is a small spot in Overijssel, I think it is near Goor, where the land slopes gently down to the river IJssel and is a brown gray clay. This is fashioned into the curliest little fags you ever saw, holding about a pint each, and the genuine Dutch mustard, made only in that pocket borough, according to a secret process handed down for many generations, is hermetically sealed therein. It will keep for years and is as delicious as the most confection. It is butter, cheese and condiment to the Hollanders who can afford it. And there is no other place on earth where that mustard can be bought.

You might ask, "Why do the Hollanders eat so much mustard?" The answer is: The Holland mustard is a most delicious stomach stimulant. "It makes the food slide down." It cures the worst cases of dyspepsia. It keeps the liver in fine shape. It is an antidote for the most deadly poison—corrosive sublimate. It is in large doses a non-concocting emetic. It is the only counterirritant handed down to us by our grandmothers—the mustard plaster. The Dutch girls use it sparingly on their velvet cheeks to give a rosy complexion. When a person is down and nearly out a drink made of pure mustard and oil will fetch him around. A mustard "steep" is a certain cure for catarrh in the nasal cavity.

Here is one Dutch method of preparing mustard for the table: Mix equal portions of black and white seeds and grind to a fine powder. Boil this in the best vinegar till thoroughly mixed. Grate some fresh horseradish, squeeze out the juice and add to the mustard. Then put in a little salt, a little sugar, a little turmeric, a little fenugreek and a little white honey. You will eat this on your bread, cake, pie, buttercakes and waffles, your meats, fish, game and poultry.—New York Press.

Might as Well Enjoy It.

Mr. Jackson, who had but recently moved into the suburb, knew his neighbors on either hand by sight only, and consequently on a cold winter's night when his home caught fire he was surprised and pleased by the alacrity with which they came to render their assistance.

"Say," Jackson yelled excitedly to his right hand neighbor, "will you run down to the corner and turn in the alarm?"

"I'm awfully sorry, sir," the man answered, "but I have a lame leg and can't run."

"While I'm getting out some of the things will you yell fire?" said Jackson, turning to the other man.

"Got my leg and can't yell," said the other in a stage whisper.

Jackson gasped; but, pulling himself together, he exclaimed:

"Well, both of you go into the house and bring out chairs, then sit down and enjoy the fire!"—Youth's Companion.

Ways of the Dressmaker.

A curious dressmaking custom was revealed in a case tried in London, and it would be interesting to know if similar practices prevail elsewhere. A woman ordered a dress from a dressmaker and then refused to pay the bill on the ground that the dress did not fit—a very common excuse among those who have changed their minds. The bill was for \$50 for material and making, and the dressmaker in defending her charges explained that she had two establishments: one at Putney and the other on Manchester street. The dress in question had been made at Putney, but if it had been made at the Manchester street establishment she would have charged about \$75, although there would have been no difference whatever in material or workmanship. Prices, she said, were regulated by locality, and, although Putney is socially irreproachable, it is not quite equal to Manchester street. The price of a dress is therefore indicative of geographical location rather than of quality, and for this she light on feminine manners and customs we may be duly grateful.—Argonaut.

Their Fears Realized.

A noted English statistician was discussing in New York the statistics of marriage—marriage statistics are his specialty.

"The last statistics," he said, "show us one pleasant change, one grand improvement. Aged men of wealth are no longer marrying beautiful, mercenary young women as frequently as they used. In fact, these hideous marriages are becoming in this country so rare that the newspapers don't hesitate to comment very forcibly upon them. I approve of these cruel comments. They keep such wickeries of marriage down. In a little town in Herts last month," he said, "a millionaire of seventy-nine years married a young and pretty milliner of twenty-two. The local paper printed the next day this editorial paragraph on the matter:

"Six months ago, when Mr. Blank's venerable wife died, his children and grandchildren feared that he would go crazy over the sad bereavement. Their fears have now come true."

Perjury Penalties.

Perjury, besides being one of the oldest of offenses in the catalogue of crime, has always been very severely punished. With the advance of civilization, however, fiendish punishments have been replaced by more humane if still severe penalties. In the days of the Roman empire any one who committed perjury was thrown from a precipice, while the Greeks branded their false swearers. It is interesting to note that when the latter embraced the Christian religion the punishment was altered to that of having the tongue cut out, a sort of punishment which was considered to fit the crime in the early centuries. In the middle ages some countries adopted the system of giving the perjurer the punishment for the crime he falsely accused another of. Thus if he swore a neighbor had committed murder and the charge was disproved the perjurer would be sentenced to death, and the other penalties of the penal code were exacted for the particular crime alleged.

A Well Kept Murder Secret.

That the identity of the man who killed Campbell of Glenure on May 14, 1762, should still be handed down from father to son a solemn trust among a few members of the Stewart clan is one of the curiosities of history.

The mute trees know who fired that shot, but the secret well they're keeping.

The Highlanders refused to let Robert Louis Stevenson, Andrew Lang says that, like William of Deloraine, "he knows, but may not tell." Mr. Mackay, the author of this most complete and interesting account of the crime and trial, leaves us a little doubtful whether he is among the initiated. "I should be the last," he writes, "to make public a secret that has been so well kept. Its antiquity makes it sacred."—London Spectator.

What He Would Do.

An individual applied to the cab company for a situation.

"Do you know how to drive?"

"Yes, sir."

"You know that you must be polite with all your passengers?"

"Ah!"

"And honest. For example, what would you do if you should find in your cab a pocketbook containing \$25,000?"

"Nothing at all. I should live on the income."—London Tit-Bits.

Unselfish.

"Why don't you go to work?"

"Work?" rejoined Mendering Mike. "Look at de thousands of poor fellows dat is lookin' for work an' feelin' miserable without it. Now, work ain't necessary to me, an' I ain't goin' to butt in an' reach for it merely for de sake of havin' somethin' to brag about!"—Washington Star.

Some Famous High Notes.

Melba, F sharp; Jenny Lind, B in alto; Christine Nilsson, G in alto; Evangeline Florence, G in alto; Ellen Berka Yaw, G two octaves above; Tietzsch, D in alto; Carletta Patti, D in alto; Adeline Patti, C in alto.

A Comparison.

The old gentleman was very angry. There could be no doubt about that. Threatening the other with his fist, he shouted, "If your brain was put in a mustard seed it would have as much room as a shrimp in the Atlantic!"

A Distinction Without a Difference.

Fifty-year-old Deborah had been invited to take luncheon at a restaurant with Miss K.

"Do you like cocoa?" she was asked.

When the answer was "Yes," the beverage was duly brought, but remained unaltered.

At last Miss K. said, "Why don't you drink your cocoa, Deborah, when you said you wanted it?"

"I didn't say I wanted it," replied the child politely. "I only said that I liked it."—Woman's Home Companion.

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America's Biggest Man.

Calumet, Mich., claims to have the biggest man in the United States. He is Louis Molanen and though but twenty-two years of age, he weighs 440 pounds, but stands 8 feet 5 inches tall. Mr. Molanen is back in Calumet after extensive tours with various circuses, and Calumet gazes at him dumbstruck. Louis, it is indeed, quite a boy. He wears a No. 18 shoe and a No. 8 hat and the cloth required for a suit for him would make two for an

Freddy's First Rescue.

How the Sea Brought Him a Kitten All His Own.

Freddie May was big for his age, wearing a seven-year suit on a six-year-old body. But he thought he was older, much older than he was, and big, well, wasn't he almost big as his father? At least he would be some day, and mean while he was growing. The May family—father, mother and Freddie, six years old, going on seven—lived on a rock in the middle of the ocean, or, at least, five miles from any other land. There was a tall lighthouse on the rock, and at the base of this white tower was a tiny house with five rooms. This house was home, they only home Freddie ever knew.

The lighting of the great lamp of the lighthouse had always been a great attraction to Freddie. One day, when his father carried him up, on the winding stairs and showed him how the lamp was lighted and how its rays spread far out over the tossing ocean, Freddie felt that his little world was the most wonderful that any boy could imagine. Think of the hundred—ten up the tall tower and the magnificent view from the top!

But as time added another year to Freddie's age, his little mind soared to greater achievements. He was accustomed to storms and rough weather. He knew that his father often went out in his little boat to help strange people who drifted near the shoals. Sometimes he brought them back in his boat, half dead and so white! His mother then worked hard to give them warm clothing and hot things to drink and eat.

Freddie at first was content to watch and help; then he wanted to do more. He wanted to go with his father in the lifeboat to pick up the shipwrecked people.

"Some day, lad, when you get bigger," his father answered this request. After that Freddie asked every little while, "Am I big enough now to go with you in the boat, papa?"

"Not yet—not quite yet," had always been the response. So Freddie had been forced to wait and grow. How he counted the days and looked at the figure in the glass to see if he was growing! When he first donned his seven-year suit he felt sure that he was almost big enough to help save shipwrecked people.

As chances would have it, his opportunity did come a few days after this important event. There had been a storm at sea, not a very heavy storm, but one which made the sea pretty rough off the shoals. The day after the storm, the sun came up bright and warm. The sea was rolling in long swells.

Not a mile away from the lighthouse something was drifting heavily, swinging slowly up and down with the waves. A quick glance through the telescope showed that it was a dismantled sloop, a small coasting vessel abandoned by its crew.

Mr. May quickly got his boat in the water, and was preparing to go to the derelict when Freddie's lips faltered:

"Papa, I am big enough to go!" There was a smile on the lightkeeper's lips, and, after glancing up at the weather and down at the sea, he said: "Yes, Freddie, you can go to-day. Jump in the stern."

New there was no happier boy in all the world than Freddie May at that moment. He fairly tumbled down the steps and dropped snugly in the stern of the lifeboat. His eyes were bright and glowing. Wouldn't he going to a real wreck?

The row to the dismantled sloop was not a long or rough one, and Mr. May pulled so lustily at his oars that they were alongside in no time. When they reached the sloop Freddie gazed at it in awe. Would there be half-drowned people aboard, and would he be strong enough to help his father lift them into the lifeboat?

"Now, boy, you stay quietly in the stern until I come back," cautioned his father.

He tied the boat to the stern of the sloop and then unlimbly climbed aboard. He was gone a long time, so long that Freddie got worried. What would he do if anything happened to his father? Could he row back to the lighthouse? What if another storm should come up and make the ocean very rough?

He was thinking of such dreadful things when Mr. May appeared above and shouted:

"Nobody aboard, Freddie. She's been deserted for a long time. We'll go back home now."

This announcement was not pleasing to our little mariner. What a disappointment to go to a shipwreck and then find nobody, and not even go aboard the wreck!

"But, papa, there might be somebody in it!"

His father shook his head.

"No, lad, I've been everywhere." Then, noticing the disappointment on the little face, he added: "But if you want to come aboard and look I'll let you. I forgot this was your first shipwreck. Here, now, hold fast to my hand and I'll pull you up."

Freddie climbed up, with his father's assistance, almost as easily as a veteran sailor. He stood on the deck of the old abandoned sloop in a moment. One glance showed him the awful desolation of the wave-swept craft. Mast, spar, sail and rigging were tumbled about in a confused mass, and part of the cargo of lumber was shifted over to one side.

"Be careful, little man and hold tight to my hand," his father cautioned. "I'll take you to the cabin, and show you what an abandoned boat looks like."

Freddie seemed to come naturally into the use of his little sea legs. He did not lurch and roll with each toss of the boat, but walked steadily forward. When they came to the cabin, Mr. May threw open the door, and—

Suddenly both of them started. Something moved inside, and then there was a mild cry of some frightened animal. Out of the darkness a bundle of white appeared. It came directly toward Freddie and meowed.

"It's a pussy cat, papa—a white pussy!"

Freddie took the frightened creature in his arms and stroked its soft fur. The kitten meowed and rubbed its nose in his face.

"Do you suppose he belongs to somebody, papa?" asked Freddie anxiously. "It belongs to you, little man, if to any one. You rescued him, and I don't think anybody will take it away from you."

All the way back to the lighthouse home Freddie held the kitten in his arms, and stroked and petted its head. In his affection for the shipwrecked cat he even forgot to notice the waves or the condition of the weather. The one fact to impress his mind was that he had made his first rescue from a shipwreck, and he would always keep the kitten for his own. He wanted a playmate—a kitten or a dog—and now the sea had brought him one all for his own self.

Boys' Smoking.

A Great English Scientist's View on the Matter—Tobacco in General.

(Sir E. Ray Lankester, in the London Telegraph.)

A proposal is before Parliament to prevent little boys from "smoking" in public places. Little girls are, as the present stands, not to be interfered with. Perhaps that is because they are not to have votes when they grow up, and so they may do as they like. Apart from the question as to whether the smoking of tobacco is injurious to the health or not, there are many curious questions which arise from time to time as to the history and use of tobacco. I have no doubt that for children the use of tobacco is injurious, and I am inclined to think that it is only free from objection in the case of strong, healthy men, and that even they should avoid any excess, and never take it at night. The strongest man, who can tolerate a cigar or a pipe after breakfast, lunch, and dinner, may easily get into a condition of "nerves" when even one cigarette acts as a poison and causes a slowing of the heart's action.

A curious mistake almost universally made, is that of supposing that the only juice which forms in a pipe or at the end of a cigar is "nicotine," the chief nerve poison of tobacco. As a matter of fact this juice, though it contains injurious substances, contains little or no "nicotine." Nicotine is a colorless, volatile liquid, which is vaporized and carried along with the smoke; it is not deposited in the pipe or cigar except in very small quantities, and it is the chief agent by which tobacco acts on the nervous system, and through that on the heart—the agent whose effects are sought and enjoyed by the lover of tobacco. A single drop of pure nicotine will kill a dog. Nicotine has no aroma, and has nothing to do with the flavor of tobacco, which is due to very minute quantities of special volatile bodies similar to those which give a scent to hay.

Most people are acquainted with the three ways of "taking tobacco"—that of taking it smoke into the mouth, and more or less into the lungs, that of chewing the prepared leaf and that of snuffing up the powdered leaf into the nose, whence it ultimately passes to the stomach. A fourth modification of the snuffing and chewing methods exists in what is called the "snuff stick." According to the novelist, Mrs. Hodgson Burnett, the country women in Kentucky use a short stick, like a brush, which they dip into a paperful of snuff; they then rub the powder under the gums. Snuff-taking has almost disappeared in "polite society" in this country within the past twenty years, but snuffing and chewing are still largely practised by those whose occupation renders it impossible or dangerous for them to carry a lighted pipe or cigar, such as sailors and fishermen and workers in many kinds of factories and engine-rooms.

One of the most curious questions in regard to the history of tobacco is that as to whether its use originated independently in Asia or was introduced there by Europeans. It is largely cultivated and used for smoking throughout the East, from Turkey to China—including Persia and India on the way—and special varieties of tobacco, the Turkish, the Persian and the Maunda are well known and only produced in the East, whilst special forms of pipes such as the "hookah" or "naccak," the "nubble-bubble" and the small Chinese pipe are distinctively Oriental. Not only that, but the islanders of the Far East are inveterate smokers of tobacco, and some of them have peculiar methods of obtaining the smoke, as, for instance, certain North Australians who employ a "smoke-box" made of a joint of bamboo. Smoke is blown into this receptacle by a faithful spouse, who closes its opening with her hand and presents the boxful of smoke to her husband. He inhales the smoke and hands the bamboo joint back to his wife for refilling. The Asiatic peoples are great lovers of tobacco, and it is certain that in Java they had tobacco as early as 1601, and in India in 1605. The hookah (a pipe with water jar attached, through which the smoke is drawn in bubbles) was seen and described by a European traveller in 1614. Should we not, therefore, suppose that in Asia they had tobacco and practised smoking before it was introduced from America into the west of Europe? It seems unlikely that Western nations should have given this luxury to the East when practically everything else of the kind has come from the East to Europe—the grape and wine made from it, the orange, lemon, peach, fig, spices of all kinds, pepper, incense and opium. Yet, as I will show next week, it is certain that the Orientals got the habit of smoking tobacco from us and not vice versa.

An Interesting Land.

And Its Church Towers Are a Distinctive Feature of the Mexican View.

From Lockwood de Forest's "Some Mexican Churches" in May Century.

There is no country better worth visiting than Mexico. It is very striking, in crossing the border from the United States, to note how completely everything changes. Here there hardly seems anything man has constructed which harmonizes with its surroundings; there everything seems to be entirely a part of the country. It is more foreign than Europe is now, and constantly reminds one of the East. Riding in some of the little-travelled districts, I could hardly believe that I was not in India. The dust in the road, the thorn scrub on both sides, with that pungent smell of the blossoms, all reminded me of the country about Ahmedabad. The plateau in winter, the dry season, is very much like the desert—long stretches of country, with purple mountains in the distance, without a tree in sight except where there is a town, or where irrigation has kept a little green and a few trees have been planted. Often the horizon is so distant that the mountains melt into the sky, and perhaps one catches a glimpse of the snow on one of the volcanoes. The color is that of its own Mexican opal—greens, blues and reds.

Everywhere the distinctive features are the church towers and tiled domes rising above the towns. The exteriors of these churches are always picturesque and interesting; but the interiors are usually disappointing, for they have suffered much during many revolutions, and perhaps even more from countless renovations. There are a few still untouched, where one can see them as nearly as they were, sootily covered with richly carved wood heavily gilded. Gold was used thickly everywhere, all the carving looked like solid metal. I have seen much gold in churches, but none so equal that in Mexico.

Booming Afghanistan.

An Effect of the Anglo-Russian Convention. (Correspondence of the London Morning Post.)

One of the immediate effects of the Anglo-Russian Convention is likely to be the stimulation of that spirit of commercial and industrial enterprise that has been manifesting itself for the last year or two in Afghanistan. The Amir is essentially progressive in his views and aspirations, and has consistently evinced a desire since he ascended the throne to bring about the commercial development of his country. At the present day Afghanistan is to all intents and purposes a non-manufacturing country, being content to export its raw products through the mountainous passes to India, Baluchistan and Persia, and to purchase in return such manufactures as suffice for the meagre requirements of its population. The principal exports of Afghanistan to India are horses and cattle, grain and other agricultural products, and hides and skins, while smaller quantities of other staples, such as silk and wool, are also exported. The imports into the country are, as has been said, almost entirely manufactured articles, cotton piece goods being also in demand, though a steadily growing trade in sugar and tea is now being built up between India and Afghanistan.

Recognizing that to bring his country to that pitch of commercial and industrial prosperity that he could desire will be a task of considerable magnitude and will take many years to accomplish, the Amir is setting to work in characteristically energetic fashion. The creation of new and good roads in those parts of Afghanistan where there do not exist and the improvement of the great natural trade routes is a work that demands instant attention, since with the great trade routes considerably improved an expansion of both imports and exports between Afghanistan and its neighboring States would take place automatically. The two great routes between Afghanistan and India are through the Khyber Pass and the Bolan Pass, respectively, to Kabul and Kandahar. The former, by reason of its shorter route between India and the Afghan capital, is more in favor, and realizing this, the Amir proposes at first to concentrate his attention upon the improvement of this road.

While visiting India at the beginning of this year the Amir made arrangements with a firm of engineers in Calcutta to manufacture and erect a modern suspension bridge over the Kabul River at Jalalabad to take the place of the primitive bridge of boats that has existed here for many generations and which is washed away at periodic intervals by the sudden flooding of the river. This bridge is now in course of construction, and when finished will be the first link in bringing Kabul into comparatively easy communication with the Indian railway system at Peshawar. According to reports recently at hand, the Amir will shortly open negotiations with the Indian Government for the despatch of a party of qualified surveyors to examine the whole of the road between the frontier at Kabul, and to advise him what works will be necessary to create a really first-class road all the way. The other trade route from Kandahar to Quetta and through the Bolan Pass is the much more difficult of the two, and a vast amount of work would be necessary both in Afghanistan and Baluchistan before a really good road could be created here, and even then the climatic conditions would prevent it from being employed for a considerable period each year. Under these circumstances no work is likely to be undertaken here for some time to come. Another direction in which Afghanistan is advancing commercially is the gradual substitution of wheeled transport for pack animals. A few years ago outside Kabul and Kandahar and their immediate neighborhoods wheeled vehicles were things almost entirely unknown in the country, and the whole of the import and export trade was carried on by means of camels, mules and the bony little Afghan ponies. Now, however, the Amir is educating his subjects to the employment of wheeled transport, and with the extension and improvement of the roads in the country this form of transport is likely to develop very rapidly in the near future.

It is the ambition of the Amir that Afghanistan should become a manufacturing country and that many of the articles now imported should be produced within the country. The commercial resources of Afghanistan are only imperfectly understood at the present time, but with a view to further information being obtained on this subject and suggestions being made for the introduction of new industries the Amir has lately invited many experts in one direction or another to visit his country from India and elsewhere in order to assist him with their advice. Several of these invitations have already been accepted, and the result of them is even now plainly to be seen. A short time ago a brick-making plant was sent up to Kabul and laid down near the capital, where a belt of excellent clay had been located, and bricks of very good quality are now being manufactured. For the time being the whole of the output of this factory is being monopolized for the construction of the handsome new palace that the Amir is erecting for himself on the outskirts of Kabul, but when this work is finished the bricks will be available for general use in and around the capital, so that a notable improvement in the appearance of Kabul may be expected to take place during the next few years.

A noted authority on tanning and leather dressing is on his way to Kabul to advise the Amir how far it might be possible to dress a proportion of the very large number of hides and skins that are annually carried into India, many of them to return subsequently to a manufactured condition. Here and there in Afghanistan there is a rude form of tanning carried out today by the natives, and it is generally believed that with the introduction of modern methods and machinery a very profitable industry might easily spring up. Incidentally it may be added that experience has shown that under proper training and supervision the Afghans, especially in the neighborhood of Kabul, make excellent workmen.

Instigated by the activity and the progressive spirit of the Amir, a new condition of affairs is gradually springing up in Afghanistan. The aloof of centuries is being quickly shaken off, and the next decade or so is likely to behold some surprise developments in this part of the world. There can be no doubt, either, that the development has been brought appreciably nearer by the better understanding that has just been brought about between the two Great Powers to whose interest it is that Afghanistan should not only maintain its integrity and independence, but that its commerce and industrial development should continue to advance.

Forests Should be Preserved.

"Floods and forest fires do damage annually in New England, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and the southern states amounting to hundreds of millions of dollars. This loss is directly traceable to the enormous denudation of the forests on the mountain sides." The speaker was Mr. Charles S. DeForest, and the occasion was a meeting of the New Haven chamber of commerce a few nights ago. Strong resolutions were adopted calling for government action without delay to check the ruin of the Appalachians.

"If you can study the facts," said Mr. DeForest, "and not be profoundly shocked, you must be the champion defender of the world. These facts must be iterated and reiterated until they become a part of our national consciousness. Both state and federal governments must grapple with this vast problem. The process by which denudation is made complete was graphically sketched. 'Take, for example,' said the speaker, 'what happens in New England on the slopes of the White mountains. Here tree cutting goes on up to a height of 3000 or 4000 feet. While the lumberman leaves standing such trees as are not fitted for his purposes, the pulp makers sweep even the saplings clear. He is not looking for a succession of crops, but ruthlessly cuts off the hemlocks, which he cannot use, in order to get at the trees he does need. Then these great hemlocks lie rotting upon the ground.'

After the forest is gone this is what happens: The humus or soil dries up, loses its fibrous life, and by erosion is slowly washed down into the rivers, where it is deposited to the detriment of navigation, necessitating millions of government money each year for dredging. The heavier forest debris which is not removed dries up and becomes a tangled mass of timber that takes fire when the hunter's or the woodman's match falls into it. In some cases lightning strikes it. The fire beginning in this debris spread to the forests that are left and every year do localizable damage.

A Chivalrous Judge.

J. Thomas Hedlin, a distinguished member of the Alabama delegation in Congress, maintains that his state is the most chivalrous in the country. "Nowhere," he recently remarked, "is this more to be observed than in those least chivalrous of places, the courts of law. Not long ago our four best known judges, famed for his severity and uncompromising loyalty to the traditions of procedure, had to try a case in which one of the witnesses happened to be an actress of no small popularity in the South. It chanced that the nature of her evidence was such that the usual question about her age was not likely to be omitted; so when she came to the stand his honor told the court clerk to suspend action for a moment; then, turning to the actress, he demanded:

"Madam, how old are you?"

"Twenty-six," replied the witness, who is 36 if she is a day.

"Very well," said the judge politely, "I asked you that question because, if I hadn't I would surely have been asked you when the attorney for the defense cross-examined you. And, now that you have told us your age, do you swear to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth?"—Saturday Evening Post.

The Real Article.

Just why Dr. Wiley, the government's pure food expert, should have cared to take chances with restaurant food is not known. Not long ago he walked into a Washington cafe and took a seat. He evidently knew just what he wanted, for, waving aside the bill of fare the bowing waiter proffered, he said:

"Bring me a chicken pie—one of those little individual pies."

A few minutes later it was set before him, brown and hot, and with a smile of anticipation he broke the crust, to find, just beneath, a three-inch feather.

"Take this away!" he commanded. "What does it mean, anyway; tell me that!"

The waiter was evidently a man of resource, for he immediately leaned over and said in a confidential voice:

"Why, Ah! tell you, sir, it's the way you know that Dr. Wiley been rain' such or howl 'bout food not bein' what it was claimed to be, de cook des put one chicken feller in each one of dem pies to show ter folks dat day's recidin' de genuine article, sah!"—Success Magazine.

"Is this that thoroughly up-to-date?" asked the prospective tenant.

"Yes, m'um," replied the landlord.

"Ever to a pay-any-when arrangement?"—Detroit Free Press.

For Over Sixty Years.

Mrs. W. W. Snow's SOUTHERN SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. It has been a night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. W. W. Snow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhoea, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures Wind Colic, soothes the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. W. W. Snow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething is present to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists. Beware of cheap imitations. Beware and ask for "Mrs. W. W. Snow's Soothing Syrup." Sold by the Food and Drug Act, June 30th, 1906. Serial number 1048.

The finest cure in the world for a bad temper is a hearty laugh.

If there ever was a specific for any one complaint, then Carter's Little Liver Pills are a specific for Black Headache, and every woman should know this. They are not only a positive cure, but a sure preventive if taken when the approach is felt. Carter's Little Liver Pills act directly on the liver and bile, and in this way remove the cause of disease without first making you sick by a weak-cathartic. If you try them you will not be disappointed.

The cheerful person is the best worker.

They make me feel as though life was worth living. Take one of Carter's Little Liver Pills after eating; it will relieve dyspepsia, aid digestion, give tone and vigor to the system.

Add to your perfection one redeeming vice.

Most cases of sick headache, biliousness, constipation, can be cured in less time, with less medicine, and for less money, by using Carter's Little Liver Pills, than by any other means.

Beek not your heart's desire, lest you should gain it.

If you are nervous or dyspeptic try Carter's Little Liver Pills. Dyspepsia makes you nervous, and nervousness makes you dyspeptic; either one renders you miserable, and these little pills cure both.

CASTORIA.

It's the Kid You Want to Buy.

Don't Buy the Kid You Want to Buy.

Don't Buy the Kid You Want to Buy.

Women's Dep't.

Of Interest to Women.

Mathew Schumann-Haack has taken out his final naturalization papers and thus becomes an American citizen. Commenting on this the Chicago Inter-Ocean says:

"Eventually she may settle in Colorado or in some other State where her American citizenship will be of more political value to her than in these States which have not as yet done their full duty by American womanhood."

"If it took the Federation of Women's Clubs as long to elect a president as it took the Kentucky Legislature to elect a United States Senator, the club women would deserve all the mean things that the newspapers have said about them for the last half century," says Eliza Calvert Hall, author of Aunt Jane of Kentucky.

The New York newspapers have been saying that the Headquarters recently opened by a local woman suffrage association in that city are the first permanent Headquarters ever established by the woman suffragists in this country. This is a mistake, for the National Woman Suffrage Association has had Headquarters since 1890, first in Washington, then in Philadelphia, then in New York, and now in Warren, Ohio, where the Association occupies an entire wing of the ground floor of the Trustball County Court House.

President Woodrow Wilson, of Princeton, who is now in Bermuda, is quoted as saying in reply to a request for his opinion on the woman suffrage question, that "Women may have to fight against adverse circumstances in some parts of the world, but in America at least they are almost too much protected." Think of that, from the head of a great University! Does he not know that 6,000,000 women in this country of ours are working outside the home, and that in many of the industries in which they are engaged the average rate of wages is considerably less than the average cost of living? If this be a protection, then indeed the women of America are suffering from "too much" of it.

Leading Periodicals For Woman Suffrage.

The North American Review, the publications of the Harper Brothers and Collier's Weekly have all "lined up" in favor of extending the suffrage to women; and now comes the Saturday Evening Post with the following pertinent editorial, under the heading: "THE IDEA OF THE CLINKING VINE"

We are well disposed toward female suffrage, perhaps not so much for the sake of the thing itself as because of the heavy arguments that are brought against it.

Man is not a sturdy oak. He is a scrub, insecurely rooted in sandy soil, somewhat worn-out, in peril from every high wind. Nor is woman a clinging vine except those who are also blockheads. Home is not the woman's sole and proper sphere. One female in seven, of all ages, at the last census, was engaged in a gainful occupation. There were twenty-four million females above the age of twenty, and five and a quarter million were earning a livelihood—or trying to.

Here, if woman's business is to cling to a problem in reforesting, more starting and vital than any yet propounded by Mr. Pinchot. Where are the oaks for these vines? It is a fair assumption that they have failed as clingers only as a corresponding male has failed as a climber.

The political and economic organization under which five million women work for a living is exclusively a male creation. It seems to be reasonable that, in proportion as women have to make a livelihood, they are entitled to have a say about the general conditions under which livelihoods are made.

We are impervious to any fear that voting would rob women and rob them of that virgin delicacy which is their chief charm. Many, many thousands of them we pack daily in street-cars, subways and elevated trains, where they are bumped, trampled and squeezed by strange men. By the hundred thousand they work in stores, offices and mills where their experiences must be at least as sophisticated as any that would come to them from walking to a polling place once a year.

It is undoubtedly true that the great majority of women do not wish to vote; but they wouldn't have to.

Schiaparelli's Discoveries.

From Prof. Lowell's "The Canals and Oases of Mars" in May Century.

Thirty years ago what were taken for the canals of Mars seemed, as one would expect continents seen at such a distance to appear, virtually featureless. In 1877, however, a remarkable observer made a still more remarkable discovery, for in that year Schiaparelli, in scanning these continents, chanced upon long, narrow markings in them which heaves became famous as the canals of Mars. Surprising as they seemed when first imperfectly made out, they have grown only more wonderful with study. It is certainly no exaggeration to say that they are the most astonishing objects to be viewed in the heavens. There are celestial sights more dazzling, spectacles that inspire more awe, but to the thoughtful observer who is privileged to see them well there is nothing in the sky so profoundly impressive as these canals of Mars. Little goosamer filaments only, cobwebbing the face of the Martian disk, but threads to draw one's mind after them across the millions of miles of intervening void.

Mr. Subbe (after engaging cook)—There's one other thing I suppose you should know, Miss Flanagan; my wife is a chronic invalid, confined to her room.

Miss Flanagan—That's fine! I was afraid she might be wan in them chronic sicknesses that are confined to the kitchen, begonia!—Puck.

The man who sighs for the bygone day When a barefoot boy he was, In the same old boy he used to say: "Gee, I wish I was a man!"—Chicago News.

CASTORIA.

It's the Kid You Want to Buy.

Don't Buy the Kid You Want to Buy.

Don't Buy the Kid You Want to Buy.

The Dying Soldier.

The sun was sinking in the west And shone with his dazzling ray, Through the bright leaves of the forest, Where a wounded soldier lay, 'Neath the shades of the palmetto, 'Neath the southern sycamore, Far away from his New England home, They laid him down to die.

The soldiers gathered round him, His comrades of the fight; The tears rolled down their many cheeks As they bade their friend, "Goodnight!" One loved comrade and companion Was kneeling by his side, Trying to staunch the life blood flow, Alas, in vain he tried.

His heart was filled with anguish When he found it was in vain, And upon his loved companion, The tears ran down his face. "Hurry," spoke the dying soldier, "Hurry," weep no more for me, I am crossing the river, Beyond where all is free."

"Gather round me, comrades, listen: There is something I would say, There's a story I would tell you, One loved comrade and companion Far away in my New England home, Within the Pine Tree state, There is one that for my coming, With a saddened heart will wait.

I've no father, he has sleeping Beneath the dark blue sky, I've no brother, I've no kindred, There was only Nell and me, I've no mother, she lies sleeping Beneath the cold grave sod; It is many, many years ago, Since her spirit went to God.

A fair young girl, my sister, My darling and my pride; She loved me all through boyhood, I had none else beside, I have loved her as a brother And with a father's care I have loved her and companion, Her gentle heart to spare.

When our country was in danger And called for volunteers, She threw her arms around me And bade me to go, "Wanderer," she said, "my brother, Drive invaders from our shore, Though my heart it needs your presence, Yet your country needs you more."

Oh, my heart seems almost breaking, I will not tell you any, But here in this old battle ground, I will wait you day by day; Now my comrades, I am dying, And I shall see her more, With the volunteers that are coming, Like one voice I seemed to call, "We will be a brother to her, Protect her one and all."

Gather round me, comrades, listen (To my dying prayer, Who will be a brother to her, Shield her with a father's care? With the volunteers that are coming, Like one voice I seemed to call, "We will be a brother to her, Protect her one and all."

A smile of radiant brightness, A halo of holy light, One smile of radiant brightness, And the soldier boy was dead, With his knapsack for his pillow, And his rifle on his breast, Far away from his New England home, They laid him down to rest.

The Crown of New England.

O grand eternal mountains, These rocks crown'd summits rise, High over the clouds of the forest, To meet the bounding skies, Against the dome of heaven I mark thy rugged form, In the face of the morning sun, Or gazing with the storm.

Then seems to guard the entrance That lets in light of day, And on thy brow the morning, First sheds its golden ray, And when the sun is set, Back from the slopes of west, The flagling falling mounds, Return on thee to rest.

They flood thy sides with crimson, And glow with dark red, They light up the forest, That rise around thy feet, And paint the clouds with splendor, That fade on twilight, And write on the sky, The language of the skies.

Thy face seems ever changing, As seasons come and go, The forest lay silent with verdure, They breathe thy life with snow, Each brings to thee some tribute, Some beauty of its own, Which seems a fit adornment, For thee and thine alone.

The sparkling gems of winter, Bright summer's varied hues, The mists of gold and amber, That autumn light tinges, And when the sun is set, Back from the slopes of west, The flagling falling mounds, Return on thee to rest.

From out thy granite borders, Each carved the face of man, Each grew to manly stature, Shows forth the Maker's hand, And on thy cliff a carving, He placed this word divine: A silent power and glory, The rocks and hills are mine!

Youth, with strength and beauty, Grows gray

